

MEMOIRS

OF THE

L I F E

AND

WRITINGS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

Dean of St. PATRICK'S,

D U B L I N.

*Illum aget pennâ metuente solvi
Fama superstes.*

HOR:

L O N D O N:

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MEMOIRS

OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

THERE is perhaps no great man that ever appeared in the world, but has been either servily flattered by the designing, or basely traduced by the emulous and unworthy part of mankind.

THERE is a kind of perfection, which may be called infinite. This perfection is allowed to no human creature. Therefore, the greatest genius may have a weakness, which (though human frailty alone is to be charged with it,) may render the greatest and best character obnoxious to the envy and ill-nature of ungenerous men, who see and hear the excellencies of others with impatience and dislike.

WITHOUT entering, in the usual strain of biographers, in a prolix preface or introduction; I will inform my readers, that the following sheets contain the memoirs and anecdotes of Dr. SWIFT, faithfully delivered, without prejudice or partiality, which, it is to be hoped, will be received with an equal spirit by the public.

DOCTOR SWIFT was born in *Hoey's-alley*, in *Werburgh's* parish, in the city of *Dublin*, the thirtieth of *November*, in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-seven; and was carried into *England*, soon after his birth, by his nurse, who being under a necessity of going to that kingdom, and having a fondness for the child, not uncommon in *Irish* nurses, conveyed him on ship-board, without the consent or knowledge of his mother or

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relations,

relations, and kept him with her at *Whitehaven*, in *Cumberland*, for three years.

THIS event gave birth to several fictitious stories concerning the dean, and made his return seem as if he had been transplanted from *England* to *Ireland*. And some people imagine, the dean would willingly inspire different nations to contend for his birth *, by the colour of this extraordinary event.

THIS supposition was owing to a peevish humour in the dean, who, whenever he was provoked at the ingratitude of *Ireland*, was heard to say, "I am not of "this vile country, I am an *Englishman*." This expression, though figurative, was often taken in a literal sense by those who were not capable to enter into the true spirit of the Dean. Mr. POPE seems to confirm the world in this opinion, by an expression in one of his letters to the dean, viz. "† Though one or two "of our friends are gone since you saw your *native* "country." But the dean, in cool temper, never denied that he was a native of *Ireland*: Nay, he frequently pointed out to his friends, the house he was born in.

THERE was another whimsical conjecture concerning the illegitimacy of the Dean's birth, which is irrefragably false. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE was employed as a minister abroad, from the year sixteen hundred and sixty-five, to the year sixteen hundred and seventy: First at *Brussels*, and afterwards at the *Hague*, as may be found by his correspondence with the earl of ARINGTON, and other ministers of state. Hence it follows, that doctor SWIFT's mother, who never crossed the sea, except from *England* to *Ireland*, could not possibly have a personal correspondence with Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, till some years after the Dean's birth.

* *Ten wealthy cities contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.*

† Letter lxxx. Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift, March 23, 1736-7.



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THE Dean's ancestors were persons of reputable characters; but, it must be owned, he was the ingenious HERALD who *blasoned* the dignity of their arms.

HIS grand-father was the reverend Mr. THOMAS SWIFT, vicar of *Goodridge*, near *Ross*, in *Herefordshire*. He had a small patrimony in that county, which is still in possession of his great-grand-son, DEAN SWIFT, Esq; He died in the year sixteen hundred and fifty-eight, leaving six sons, GOODWIN, THOMAS, DRYDEN, WILLIAM, JONATHAN, and ADAM. Two of them only, GOODWIN and JONATHAN left male issue.

THE descendants of GOODWIN are mentioned in GUILLIM's heraldry. JONATHAN married Mrs. ABIGAIL ERICK, of *Leicestershire*, by whom he had one daughter and a son.

THE daughter was born in the first year of Mr. SWIFT's marriage; but he lived not to see the birth of his son †, who was called JONATHAN, in memory of his father, who was afterwards the remarkable and famous dean of *St. Patrick's*.

THE principle part of Mr. JONATHAN SWIFT's income depended upon agencies, and other employments of that nature: So that most of his fortune died with himself: And the remainder, being the chief support that his widow could enjoy, Mr. GOODWIN SWIFT, her husband's elder brother, voluntarily became their guardian; took upon him the care, tuition and expence of her two children; and by his singular affection and humanity, supplied the loss which they sustained in a father.

MRS. SWIFT, about two years after her husband's decease, quitted *Ireland*, and retired to *Leicester*, the place of her nativity.

IT is a difficult matter to draw presages from the dispositions and tendencies of children. The faculties of the mind shine, at different ages, in different men.

† Doctor Swift was born two months after his father's death.

The infancy of doctor SWIFT was in no particular remarkable. At six years old he was sent to school to *Killkenny*, and about eight years afterwards he was entered a student of *Trinity college* in *Dublin*.

He lived there in a regular manner, and particularly obedient to the statutes: But his severity of temper often rendered him disagreeable to his fellow collegiates; upon which account he was neither regarded nor beloved by them. The academical exercises were in some degree disagreeable to his genius, as he could not easily apply to any study that did not carry some pleasure in the application: Logic and metaphysics he held in intire contempt; and was often heard to turn mathematics and natural philosophy into ridicule. His chief studies were history and poetry; in these he made a surprising progress, but he gave so little attention to all other branches of science, when he appeared as a candidate for the degree of a batchelor of arts, he was set aside on account of insufficiency. This incident in the Dean's life is surprising, but the fact is undoubtedly true; for even on a second examination, he obtained his admission, *speciali gratiâ*: a phrase which in that university conveys the greatest marks of reproach. It is an ignominious degree, and the record of it, (though great a man as he afterwards proved to be,) will ever remain against him in the academical register of the college. Disappointments, the earlier they happen in life, the deeper impression they make in the mind. SWIFT probably was provoked at the treatment he received in *Ireland*, and therefore resolved to finish his studies in *Oxford*.

HOWEVER, that he might be admitted *ad eundem*, he was obliged to carry with him the *testimonium* of his degree. The phrase *speciali gratiâ*, is only peculiar to the university of *Dublin*; so that the members of the college of *Oxford* construed them words in SWIFT's favour, and imagined they signified a degree conferred in reward of extraordinary merit. It is natural to think he did not take any pains to undeceive them, and was in consequence of his *testimonium*, immediately admitted *ad eundem*.

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He chose to enter himself at *Hart-hall*, near *Hartfordshire* college, where he constantly resided, except in vacation time, when he visited his mother at *Leicester*, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE at *Moore-park*. He continued in this university, until he took out his degree as master of arts, which was in the year ninety-one. In the year of the revolution, GOODWIN SWIFT, the Dean's uncle, fell into a lethargy or dotage, which in a short time deprived him of his speech and memory, and incapacitated him from being serviceable to his friends or relations. But, as if providence had ordained that no accident should deprive the world of so great a genius, Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, (whose lady was related to doctor SWIFT's mother,) generously supported his education at *Oxford*. This piece of humanity in Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, instead of meeting with the just applause it merited, was construed to proceed from a consciousness, that he was the real father of the dean, and that otherwise it was impossible to think, he would be so singularly munificent to a youth, who was but a distant relation to his wife.

SOME imagine the Dean himself acquiesced in the calumny; but it is impossible to be certain in this particular, except vanity would induce him to think, like ALEXANDER, the natural son of JUPITER would appear more glorious, than the legitimate son of PHILIP.

WILLIAM SWIFT, uncle to the Dean, gave the greatest marks of affection to his nephew, by repeated acts of friendship. The following letter of the dean's, not only confirms this, but also gives a specimen of his manner of writing and thinking at that period of his life.

Moore-park, Nov. 29, 1692.

S I R,

MY sister told me, you was pleased (when she was here) to wonder, I did so seldom write to you. I been so kind, to impute it neither to ill manners respect. I always

thought that sufficient from one, who has always been but too troublesome to you: besides I knew

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your

your aversion to impertinence, and God knows so very private a life as mine can furnish a letter with little else: for I am often two or three months without seeing any body besides the family; and now my sister is gone, I am likely to be more solitary than before. I am still to thank you for your care in my testimonium, and it was to very good purpose, for I never was more satisfied than in the behaviour of the university of Oxford to me. I had all the civilities I could wish for, and so many favours, that I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers, than ever I was in seven years to Dublin college. I am not to take orders till the king gives me a prebendary: and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, tho' he promises me the certainty of it, yet is less forward than I could wish; because, I suppose, he believes I shall leave him, and upon some accounts, he thinks me a little necessary to him.

If I were ^{entertainment,} or doing you any satisfaction by my letters, I should be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am sorry my fortune should sling me so far from the best of my relations, but hope that I shall have the happiness to see you some time or other. Pray my humble service to my good aunt, and the rest of my relations, if you please.

IN these few lines, there is not the least appearance of that spirit which appeared afterwards in all his writings. His genius or learning did not at this time arrive to any degree of ripeness.

As soon as the dean quitted the university of Oxford, he resided at Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's house, in the ease and tranquility of a friend and companion.

IN two years after he quitted Oxford, he laboured under a dangerous and tedious illness, contracted by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit. To this surfeit he was often heard to ascribe that giddiness in his head, which, with irregular intermissions, pursued him until it reduced him to that condition, in which reason lay buried in the bodies grave.

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WHEN he was sufficiently recovered, he was advised by his physicians to travel. He went to *Ireland*, to try the effects of the change of air; and finding much benefit by the journey, returned to *England*, and was received by Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, with extreme affection.

IN the Dean's absence, Sir WILLIAM removed from *Moore-Park*, to *Sheene*, where he was frequently visited by KING WILLIAM; this gave the Dean an opportunity of conversing with that prince, who, in some conversation with the Dean, offered to make him a captain of horse. This kind proposal he modestly declined, as he had before resolved to take orders. The Dean's refusing this advantageous offer, is not to be admired at, since all his resolutions, during his whole Life, were most splenetically immovable. In consequence of this resolution he again went to *Ireland*, and got himself into orders.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE recommended him to Lord CAPEL, then lord-deputy, who gave him the first vacancy which happened to be a *Prebend* worth an hundred pounds a year. The Dean was soon weary of this perferment; he judged the income insufficient, and at too great a distance from the metropolis, which deprived him of that kind of Society in which he delighted.

HE was glad, therefore, to resign his *Prebend*, which he procured for a friend, and returned to *Sheene*, where he lived as usual, till the decease of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, who left him the care and trust of publishing his posthumous works, besides a legacy in money.

THE Dean, during his residence with Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, contracted an acquaintance, whom he afterwards celebrated in his works, under the name of STELLA. This lady's real name was JOHNSON. She was the daughter of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's steward, and indisputably the wife of doctor SWIFT. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, bequeathed her in his will, one thousand pounds, in consideration of her father's fidelity.

SHE was married to the Dean in the year seventeen hundred and sixteen, by doctor ASHE, then bishop of *Clogher*.

THIS

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THIS Mrs. JOHNSON, was a most amiable, and agreeable woman, endued with many perfections of person and mind. Her understanding was strong and elevated; yet she retained that softness and delicacy peculiar to her sex. Her voice was sweet and harmonious; her wit poignant, yet not severe; her manners were polite, easy, humane and unreserved. Wherever she appeared, she attracted attention and esteem. She was religious without ostentation, and remarkably prudent in all her actions. She had great skill in music, and was perfectly well acquainted, with all branches of learning, that are necessary for the accomplishment of a fine lady; in short, she was

*A woman loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and compleat in mind.*

HOMER.

THOUGH this lady had all these accomplishments, she could not prevail on the Dean to acknowledge her publicly as his wife. He was in many particulars in his life very singular and in nothing more than refusing to own so estimable a jewel. Whether it was the meanness of her birth, or affecting to be thought too much the philosopher, to be a prey to love, is uncertain,

THE Dean and Mrs. JOHNSON, managed with such art, nothing appeared in their conduct, beyond the limits of *platonick* love. They lived in separate houses, he at the deanery, she in lodgings on *Ormond-quay*. When they conversed together, they always had witnesses by, a rule they observed so inviolably, it would perhaps be impossible to prove they had ever been together, without some third person.

THIS extraordinary conduct gave rise to various conjectures and reflexions. Some imagined she had been his sister, and daughter to Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, and that he married her, before he made this discovery. But this conjecture was false and groundless.

THOUGH this lady was strictly virtuous, yet her love and respect for the Dean were such, she submitted to the censure of the world, and supported herself under all disadvantages, with great cheerfulness. However,

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ever, the anxiety of her mind, which she endeavoured to conceal even from the Dean, threw her into a lingering decay, of which she died, in *January* seventeen hundred and twenty-seven, absolutely destroyed by the peculiarity of her fate.

THE Dean was never known to speak of her after her death without a sigh, and immoderately bewailed her when dead, whom he cruelly treated when living.

UPON the death of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, the Dean went to *London*, and delivered a petition to KING WILLIAM, putting him in mind of a promise made by his Majesty to Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, 'That Mr. *Swift*, should have the first vacancy which might happen among the Prebends of *Westminster* or *Canterbury*.' The Petition was totally forgotten, though the Dean was not wanting in assiduity on his side. From this disappointment, he probably contracted that dislike to kings and courtiers, which is so generally dispersed throughout all his writings.

AFTER a painful attendance at court, the Dean gave up all thoughts of a benefice in *England*. He dedicated Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's works to the king, which had no manner of effect, nor did his majesty take the least notice of him after his friend's death. Pride hindered the Dean from continuing in such a state of despondency, and therefore he accepted of an invitation from the earl of BERKLEY, (appointed one of the lords justices in *Ireland*) to attend him as his chaplain and private secretary. Lord BERKLEY landed near *Waterford*, and the Dean acted as secretary during the whole journey to *Dublin*. But, one BUSH, an attendant of lord BERKLEY's insinuated himself so far in his lordship's favour, that the dean was divested of that office, which was immediately filled by Mr. BUSH. This was another disappointment to sour the Dean's temper; the treatment was judged injurious, and the Dean demonstrated his sensibility of it in a short satirical copy of verses, entitled, *The Discovery*.

DURING the government of the earls of BERKLEY and GALLWAY, who were jointly lords justices of *Ireland*

land, two livings, *Laracor* and *Rathbeggan*, were conferred on the dean, which were worth two hundred and sixty pounds a year, the only church preferments he enjoyed until he was appointed dean of *St. Patrick*, in the year seventeen hundred and thirteen. As soon as he had taken possession of his two livings, he went to reside at *Laracor*, and gave public notice to the parishoners, that he would read prayers on every *Wednesday* and *Friday*. Upon the following *Wednesday* the bell was rung, and the Dean attended in his desk, when after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself and his clerk *ROGER*, he begins with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself, "Dearly beloved *ROGER*, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places." And then proceeded regularly through the intire service. This circumstance, though trifling, shews the Dean could not oppose a vein of humour whenever he had a fair opportunity of exerting it. This is a particular example of his humour, I shall now give a particular instance of his pride.

THE Dean, as I mentioned before, was chaplain to lord *BERKLEY*. His own sister, by consent and approbation of her uncles and relations, was married to a man in trade, whose fortune, character and situation, were esteemed, by all her friends, suitable for her in every respect. But the marriage was entirely disagreeable to her brother. It seemed to interrupt those towering views, which he had long since figured to himself; he grew outrageous at the thoughts of being brother-in-law to a tradesman, nor could he, even by the intreaties of his mother, be reconciled to his sister, though she came over designedly from *Leicester* on that account. His mother returned in a short time to *Leicester*, where she continued till her death.

DURING the life time of the Dean's mother, he scarce ever failed to pay her an annual visit. His manner of travelling was as singular as any other of his actions. He often went in a waggon, but more frequently

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frequently walked from *Holyhead* to *Leicester, London*, or any other part of *England*. He generally chose to dine with waggoners, hostlers, and persons of that rank; and he used to lie at night in houses where he found written over the door, *lodgings for a penny*. The Dean delighted in scenes of low life; the vulgar conversation was not only a fund of humour for him, but probably was acceptable to his nature. Otherwise it would be hard to determine, how so many indecent ideas and expressions, could enter into his head, as appear in some of his writings. A close confinement at *Laracor*, was in no measure suitable to his turn of mind. He was continually making excursions not only to *Dublin*, and other parts of *Ireland*, but into *England*, especially to *London*. Thus, a rambling disposition proved a very great loss to him. The rich deanery of *Derry* became vacant at this time, and was intended for him by Lord BERKLEY, if doctor KING, then bishop of *Derry*, and afterwards arch-bishop of *Dublin*, had not interposed: entreating that the deanery might be given to some grave sedate divine, rather than to so young a man; 'Because' (added the bishop) the situation of *Derry* is in the midst of Presbyterians, and I should be glad of a clergyman who could be of assistance to me. I have no objections to Mr. SWIFT. I know him to be a sprightly ingenious young man; but instead of residing, I dare say, he will be eternally flying backwards and forwards to *London*, and therefore I entreat, that he may be provided for in some other place.'

THE Dean was accordingly set aside on account of his youth; but, as if his stars had destined to him a parallel revenge, he lived to see the bishop of *Derry* afterwards set aside on account of age.

WHEN the primacy became vacant, he immediately made claim to it; a preferment to which his universally acknowledged merit had an undoubted right, exclusive of his station in the *see* of *Dublin*. Nothing would do, he was looked upon as too far advanced in years to be removed. The reason alledged was as galling

galling as the refusal itself; however, the archbishop had no opportunity for resentment, except to the new primate, doctor BOULTER, whom he received at his own house, without rising from his chair, and made an apology to him, by saying, in a merry strain of humour, "My Lord, I am certain your grace will forgive me, because *you know I am too old to rise.*"

IN the year 1701, the Dean took his doctor's degree, and towards the close of that year, king WILLIAM died. Queen ANNE's reign will open a large and new scene, in which the Dean was not inactive.

UPON the death of king WILLIAM, and accession of queen ANNE, doctor SWIFT came into England. Then his genius, his politics, his wit and learning appeared. The chief ministers of that queen's reign, distinguish them as you please, under the titles of whigs or tories, high church and low church, were undisputably great encouragers of learning, and patrons of learned men. The wits and poets of that æra, were numerous and eminent. Yet high above them all, appeared the Dean.

*Ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes,
Insert se socium Æneas, atque agmina jungit.*

As a dissertation upon the word whigs and tories, the following description is tolerable good. "They are two creatures *, who are born with a secret antipathy to each other, and engage as naturally, when they meet, as the Elephant and Rhinoceros."

THE first ministry of queen ANNE, was in the mixture of these jarring animals; but the whigs had obtained the greatest share in the administration, and with surprizing industry soon ingrossed the whole, and confined the queen within their own bounds.

THE queen, who naturally inclined towards the tories, remained an indignant prisoner to the whigs, for some years, until HARLEY, the nation's great support, extricated her from those reluctant bonds, and disconcerted all the whiggish schemes, securing the princess on his

* See Spectator, No. 30.

side the remainder of her life, defending her with new troops, under the command of the duke of ORMOND.

THE Dean was well known to the chiefs of each denomination, and although he declar'd for the tories, it is beyond all dispute he was bred up and educated among the opposite party. His motives for deserting the one, and attaching himself to the other, appear sufficiently in his works.

THE persons who had at this time distinguish'd themselves by the name of whigs, renounc'd those principles, by which the old whigs were denoted, and had embraced several of those tenets, of which their forefathers had either a real, or pretended abhorrence. Power and ambition are boundless in their effects, they bewilder our faculties, subvert our resolutions, and even change our very nature. No metamorphose can produce a paralel equal to the change that appears in the same man, when from a patriot he becomes a courtier: yet it may be asserted, and must evidently redound to the honour of the Dean, that when he rose into the favour and esteem of those great men, who sat at the helm of affairs, during the last years of queen ANN's reign, he scarce ever lost himself, or grew giddy by the plenitude of power, and the exalted station of frequently appearing in the confidence and favour of the reigning minister. He may have been carryed away by inconsiderate passion, but he was not to be swayed by deliberate evil. He may have erred in judgment, but he was upright in intention. The welfare and prosperity of these kingdoms, were the constant aim of his politics, and the immediate subject of his thoughts and writings. There is scarce any material circumstance in the Dean's life, from the year seventeen hundred and two, 'till the year seventeen hundred and ten. The Dean, during this interval, had projected those schemes that ruin'd the whiggish interest, and smooth'd a road for the tories to the queen. He prov'd to the tories what CÆSAR was to the *Romans*, a leader of their armies, and an historiographer of their triumphs. He resided in *England* mostly, where his inclinations always were.

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His intimacy commenced with lord OXFORD, as appears in his works, in *October* 1709. In a poem written in the year 1713, he says,

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(*October* next it will be four)
Since HARLEY bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend.

AND again, in another poem written in the same year :

My lord would carry on the jest,
And down to *Windsor* take his guest.
SWIFT much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there.
A *canon* ! that's a place too mean,
No, doctor, you shall be a dean.

By this quotation, as well as many more in the Dean's works, a settlement in *England* was what he aim'd at ; so that his promotion to a deanery in *Ireland*, he look'd upon rather as a disappointment than a reward to his merit. In a letter to Mr. GAY, he says, ' the best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in *England*. There I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemn'd for ever to another country,' *

IN answer to a letter from Mr. POPE, who had offered incense to him, as to a tutelar saint in a state of separation, he writes thus. ' You are an ill catholic, or a worse geographer ; for I can assure you, *Ireland* is not a paradise ; and I appeal even to a *Spanish* divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in hell or purgatory.' † There are many more expressions to this purpose in the Dean's writings, which confirm his dislike to a settlement in *Ireland*.

* Letter 5. Vol. 7.

† Letter 4. Vol. 7.

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FROM the year 1710, to the latest period of queen ANNE, he was active in behalf of the ministers, combating every bullet or squib that was thrown against them, and maintaining their cause in pamphlets, poems, and weekly papers.

IN one of his letters to Mr. POPE, he has this expression; ' I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state, of all parties, than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court otherwise than on the score of vanity, or ambition.' *

LORD OXFORD through the politeness of a gentleman, and a scholar, might appear open and unreserv'd to the Dean; but as a minister of state, he ever appear'd mysterious and ænigmatical, delivering his oracles, like the delphian deity, in occult ambiguous terms.

THE dean found himself much caress'd by the earl of OXFORD, and knew how useful he was to the administration in general: And in one of his letters, he mentions that the place of historiographer was intended for him. But it is highly probable his imagination was his only authority for his expectation of this employment, since it is evident he remain'd without any preferment till the year 1713, when he was made dean of *St. Patrick's*. In point of profit and interest such a deanery might be esteem'd no inconsiderable promotion; but as his ambition was ever bent upon a settlement in *England*, a dignity in another kingdom must appear (as many believe it was designed) only an honourable and profitable banishment.

It is possible the Dean might occasion his *English* friends to wish him happily and properly promoted at a distance. The Dean was employ'd, not trusted by the ministry, and at the same time he imagin'd he dived into the deepest recesses of their politics, he was permitted only to sound the shallows near the

shore, and was scarce allowed to descend below the froth at the top. The deeper bottoms were perhaps too muddy for his inspection.

By reflections of this sort, his disappointment in an *English* bishoprick may be accounted for; though he imagined he owed it to a joint appiecation made against him to the Queen by doctor SHARPE, archbishop of *York*, and by a lady of the highest rank and character. Archbishop SHARPE, according to the Dean's account, had represented him to the Queen as a person who was not a christian; the great lady had supported the aspersion; and the Queen, upon such assurances, had given away the bishoprick contrary to her first resolutions. The Dean lash'd vehemently at the bishop and the lady, but kept within some bounds when he spoke of the Queen.

THE Dean, in fact, had no reason for a long time to rejoyce in a living in *Ireland*. Upon his arrival in that kingdom, to take possession of the deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that country to the highest degree. The common people were instructed to look upon him as a *jacobite*, and they proceeded so far in their malice against him, as to throw stones and dirt at him as he passed through the streets.

THE chapter of *St. Patrick's*, like the rest of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance. They opposed him in every point he proposed. He was avoided as a pestilence, and insulted as an invader. He was marked out as an utter enemy to his country. Such was his first reception as Dean of *St. Patrick's*.

A MAN of fewer talents, less resolution and abilities than the Dean, never could vanquish so many outrageous oppositions, *sed contra audentior ibat*. He knew too much of human nature to be insensible that the passions of low self-interested minds ebb and flow continually. Their affections are vague and unsettled, they love they know not who, they hate they know not why: they are captivated by words, guided by names, and governed by accidents. The revolutions of this world are most unaccountable. The Dean was now the detestation of the rabble, and yet lived

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to be the most absolute monarch over them that ever governed men.

HIS first step was to reduce his reverend brethren the chapter of *St. Patrick's* to reason and obedience; in this he succeeded so perfectly and expeditiously, that in a short time after his arrival, not one member of that body presumed to contradict him even in the most minute matters. On the contrary, they held him in the highest respect and veneration. Thus in a short time, instead of being despised and opposed, he sat in the chapter house like JUPITER in the synod of the Gods. Whether fear or conviction were the motives, this immediate change is not easily determined, but certain it is

Viro phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis.

THE Dean stayed no longer in *Ireland* in the year 1713, than was requisite to establish himself as Dean, and to pass through (take it in his own phrase)

— All vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats,
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats.

DURING the time of these ceremonies he kept a constant correspondance with his friends in *England*, all of whom were eminent in, either birth, station or abilities.

THE world has already seen a long series of correspondence between the Dean and Mr. POPE. However, I will insert a letter of Mr. POPE's, dated the latter end of the year 1713; in answer to one from the Dean, wherein he made a merry offer of a sum of money to induce Mr. POPE to change his religion. The wit of the letter will excuse the introduction of it.

Binfield, December 8, 1713.

SIR,

NOT to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your desire that I should write to you, and your proposal

of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion, which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. 'Tis almost as many pieces of gold, as an apostle could get of silver from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of HOMER. And to convince you, how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail with my lord treasurer, and the ministry, to rise to the same sum, each of them, on this pious account, as my lord HALLIFAX has done on the prophane one. I am afraid there's no being at once a poet and a good christian, and I am very much straitned between two, while the wobigs seem willing to contribute as much, to continue me the one, as you would, to make me the other. But, if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thousand pounds a year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the LORD turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they'd certainly give more to have one good subject translated from popery to the church of England, than twenty heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. DEAN, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows. First, that as to the head of our church, the pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points; but there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There

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are people to whose souls I wish as well, as to my own; and I must crave leave, humbly to lay before them, that though the subscriptions above-mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those, whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to save. The expence will therefore be the greater, to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old DRYDEN, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet, and 'tis revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundred of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling.

WALSH was not only a socinian, but (what you'll own is harder to be saved) a whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than an hundred.

L'ESTRANGE, being a tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds, which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent, that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, GOD willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed to save their souls who gave them.

There is one ***** who will dye within these few months, with ***** one Mr. JERVAS, who hath grievously offended in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above and earth below. And one Mr. GAY, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service, whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I can't

I can't pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear him, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and lay to their prudence and generosity, what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean, is Dr. SWIFT; a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, That too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But, I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems on purpose, that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness, but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For, Monsieur DE MONTAGNE has assured me, "that the person who receives a benefit obliges the giver:" for since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr. SWIFT should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already: and, for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from his most faithful, affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.

IN the beginning of the year 1714, the Dean returned to England. He found his great friends, who

fat

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sat at the helm, much disunited among themselves. He saw the queen declining in her health, and distressed in her situation: while faction was exerting itself in gathering new strength every day. The part he had to act upon this occasion, though not difficult, was disagreeable. He used all means to reunite the ministers, and to cement the apertures of the state.

As soon as the Dean found his pains fruitless, and his arguments ineffectual, he retired to a friend's house in *Berkshire*, where he remained until the queen died.

THIS fatal catastrophe put a final period to all his views in *England*, and made him return, as soon as possible, to his deanery in *Ireland*, laden with the most mortifying passions, grief and discontent. The Dean is no longer to be considered of any importance in *England*. His ministerial friends are degraded, banished or imprisoned. Indecent zeal, sanguinary rage, and ill-tempered loyalty, revelled at large through the three kingdoms, especially in *Ireland*, where duels were fought almost every week, and where the pest was so universal, that the ladies were as violent as the gentlemen. Even children at school quarreled for kings, instead of fighting for apples.

As the Dean was known to have been a friend to the queen's last ministry, and, 'to have oiled many a spring which HARLEY moved,' he met with frequent indignities from the populace, and was equally abused by persons of all ranks and denominations.

THIS treatment soured his temper, confined his acquaintance, and added bitterness to his style.

THE future part of the Dean's life and writings differ widely from the former. His studies and companions, his politics and customs, are altered and exchanged, for new habits, new friends, new ambition, and a new world. Therefore the most that can be said of him now is as an author.

THE Dean was not proof against flattery, which opened access to some wittlings, and a few people of merit to his acquaintance. Among his adulating friends were doctor SHERIDAN, Mrs. PILKINGTON, VANESSA, and some others, who would go through any servitude

fervitude to have the honour of being thought intimate with the Dean. Nay, the populace imagined all people whom he deigned to sit with, must consequently be wits. This opinion some of his acquaintance were ridiculously fond to indulge.

THE Dean was naturally fond to see his works in print, and he was encouraged in this fondness, by his friend, Dr. SHERIDAN, who had the *cacoethes scribendi*, to the greatest degree imaginable, and was continually letting off squibs, rockets, and all sorts of little fireworks, from the press, by which means he offended many particular persons, who, though they stood in awe of the dean, held SHERIDAN at defiance. The truth is, the poor doctor, by nature, the most peaceable, inoffensive man, was in a continual state of warfare with the *minor poets*, and they revenged themselves on him, by giving *flash for flash*. The affection between *Theseus* and *Perithous* was not greater than the affection between the Dean and SHERIDAN. But the friendship that cemented the two antient heroes, probably commenced upon motives very different from those which united the two modern divines.

As the Dean's wife has been described in the former part of this work, it may not here be improper to give the character of his friend. Doctor SHERIDAN was a school-master, and in many instances exceeding well qualified for that station. He was deeply versed in the *Greek* and *Roman* languages; as well as in their customs and antiquities. He was indued with that kind of good nature, which absence of mind, indolence of body, and carelessness of fortune, sometimes produce. Though he was not strict in his own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his scholars, whom he sent to the university, remarkably well founded in all classical learning, and not ill instructed in the social duties of life. He was slovenly, indigent, and chearful. He knew books far better than men; and the value of money least of all. This singular agreeable man regaled SWIFT with his conversation, as often as his appetite prompted him to it. SHERIDAN was kept constantly within the Dean's reach,

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reach, until he went to take possession of a living in the county of *Cork*, which had been conferred on him, by the then lord lieutenant of *Ireland*, the present earl of GRANVILLE: but he effected his own ruin in one fatal moment, or by one fatal text §. This ill starred, good natured, improvident man, returned to *Dublin*, unhinged from all favour at court, and even banished from the castle. However, he still remained a punster, a quibbler, a fidler, and a wit. Not a day passed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal of some kind. His pen and his fiddle-stick were in a continual motion; and yet to little or no purpose. The following verses may serve to conclude his poetical character.

With music and poetry equally blest'd,
A bard thus APOLLO most humbly address'd,
Great author of poetry, music, and light,
Instructed by thee I both fiddle and write:
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
My tunes are neglected, my verse flung away.
Thy substitute here VICE-APOLLO * disdains,
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains.
Thy manual sign he refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen, or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great PHOEBUS, and grant
Relief; or reward to my merit, or want.
Tho' the DEAN and DELANY † transcendently shine,
O! brighten one solo, or sonnet of mine.
Make one work immortal; 'tis all I request;
APOLLO look'd pleas'd, and resolving to jest,
Replied, honest friend, I've consider'd your case,
Nor dislike your unmeaning and innocent face.
Your petition I grant, the boon is not great,
Your works shall continue, and here's the receipt,

§ On the 1st of August, he chose the following text,
"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

* Dr. SWIFT.

† Now Dean of DOWNE.

On

On † *Rounds* hereafter your fiddle-strings spend,
Write verses in circles, they never shall end.

MRS. LÆTITIA PILKINGTON, seem'd by her account of the dean to have no inconsiderable knowledge of his humour. She tells us, that the dean, during meal-times, was always complaining, ' that
' his meat was too much or too little done, or that
' the servants had offended in some point or other,
' imperceptible to the rest of the company. However, when the cloth was taken away, he made his
' guests rich amends for the pain he had given them
' by the former part of his behaviour; for then was
' truly mingled in

The friendly bowl,

The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.

THE dean, she says, never drank above half a pint of wine in her time, in every glass of which, he mixed water and sugar; yet he liked his company would sit many hours over it, unlocking all the springs of policy, learning, true humour and inimitable wit.

THIS lady was recommended to the dean by doctor DELANY, a worthy clergyman, who was an intimate acquaintance of his. The following lines to the dean on his birth day, were her first introduction to his esteem.

To the revd. Dr. SWIFT. On his birth day.

WHILE I the god-like men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold!
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er,
Where CATO, PLUTARCH, FLACCUS shine
In ev'ry excellence divine;

† *A song, or peculiar kind of poetry, which returns to the beginning of the first verse, and so continues in a perpetual rotation.*

I grieve

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I grieve that our degen'rate days,
 Produce no mighty souls like these;
 Patriot, philosopher and bard,
 Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
 Spare your reflection, *Phœbus* cries,
 'Tis as ungrateful as unwise;
 Can you complain this sacred day,
 That virtues, or that arts decay?
 Behold in SWIFT reviv'd appears,
 The virtues of unnumbered years;
 Behold in him with new delight,
 The patriot, bard and sage unite;
 And know *Ierne* in that name,
 Shall rival *Greece* and *Rome* in fame.

THE Dean soon after invited her to dine with him;
 ' he placed himself at the head of his table opposite
 ' to a great pier-glass, under which was a marble side-
 ' board, so that he could see in the glass whatever
 ' the servants did at it. He was served intirely in
 ' plate, and with great elegance; but the beef being
 ' over-roasted, put all the company in confusion;
 ' the dean called for the cook-maid and ordered her
 ' to take it down stairs and do it less; the maid an-
 ' swered very innocently, that she could not: Why,
 ' what sort of a creature are you, says he, to commit
 ' a fault which cannot be mended? And, turning to
 ' the maid, said, very gravely, that he hoped, as
 ' the cook was a woman of genius, he should, by
 ' this manner of arguing, be able, in about a year's
 ' time, to convince her, she had better send up the
 ' meat too little, than too much done; charging the
 ' men servants, whenever they imagined the meat
 ' was ready, they should take it, spit and all, and
 ' bring it up by force, promising to aid them in case
 ' the cook resisted. The Dean then turning his eye
 ' on the looking-glass, espied the butler opening a
 ' bottle of ale, and helping himself to the first glass,
 ' he very kindly jumbled the rest together, that his
 ' master and guests might all fare alike. " Ha!
 " friend, says the Dean, *sharp's the word*; I find you
 C " drunk

"*drank my ale, for which I stop two shillings of your board wages this week, for I scorn to be outdone in any thing, even in cheating.*" The dean, by what this lady as well as several others have experienced, diverted himself and his friends very often with the most trivial things, and when he seemed to be in a passion with his servant, he was only indulging a certain oddity in his humour. He did this lady several acts of friendship on account of her genius, but as soon as her character became blameable, he refused to see her ever after.

To mention the Dean as an author, is to open a wide expanse, which will be best executed, by pursuing him, without partiality or prejudice, through the different stages of his works.

THE first volume of FAULKNER's edition consists of various tracts jumbled together, without any regularity or order. The first treatise in this volume is entitled, *A discourse of the contests and dissensions between the nobles and commons in ATHENS and ROME.* It was written in the year 1701, towards the latter end of king WILLIAM's reign, and at a time, when that prince was made extremely uneasy, by the violence with which some of his ministers, and chief favourites were pursued. However bright the crown of *England* might have glittered in the eyes of the prince of *Orange*, he found it, when placed upon his head, a crown of thorns. The longer he wore the diadem, the bandelet still became more tite and irksome. Complaints, and enquiries arose in the senate. Feuds, and unchristian animosities, in the convocation. Nor had foreign affairs a more propitious aspect. LEWIS the fourteenth was making large strides towards universal monarchy. Plots were carrying on at *St. German's*. The *Dutch* had acknowledged the duke of ANJOU as king of *Spain*: and *Europe* in general seemed pregnant of fire, and ready to burst in flames. Thus began the year 1701. King WILLIAM in hopes to dispel this sulphurous body of clouds, which seemed to threaten some future thunder of extraordinary violence, had made several changes in his ministry, and had removed

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moved some of his faithful servants from places of the highest trust and dignity. The alteration proved of little or no effect. The animosity of the house of commons could not be appeased. They looked upon the deprivation of lucrative employments, as an insufficient punishment for high crimes and misdemeanors: and they began first by impeaching the earl of *Portland*^a; and then proceeded to the impeachments of lord *SOMERS*^b, the earl of *Orford*^c, and the earl of *Hallifax*^d.

THESE were all great men; and the three last were of remarkable abilities and experience. Lord *SOMERS* was the general patron of the *literati*, and the particular friend of doctor *SWIFT*. The earl of *Orford* had been considered in a manner as lord high admiral; the whole affairs of the navy having been committed to his charge. Lord *Hallifax* had a fine genius for poetry, and had employed his more youthful part of life in that science. He was distinguished by the name of *MOUSE MOUNTAGUE*, having ridiculed, jointly with *MAT. PRIOR*, *MR. DRYDEN*'s famous poem of the *Hind and panther*. The parody is drawn from *HORACE*'s fable of the city *Mouse* and country *Mouse*, and begins,

*A milk white mouse, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft cheese, and o'er the dairy rang'd.*

BUT afterwards, upon *MR. MONTAGUE*'s promotion to the chancellorship of the exchequer, *PRIOR*,

^a *WILLIAM BENTINCK, earl of Portland, groom of the stole.*

^b *JOHN SOMERS, baron SOMERS of Evelham. First lord keeper: afterwards, lord high chancellor.*

^c *EDWARD RUSSEL, earl of Orford. Treasurer of the navy, and one of the lords commissioners of the admiralty.*

^d *CHARLES MOUNTAGUE, earl of Hallifax. Appointed one of the commissioners of the treasury; and afterwards made chancellor of the exchequer.*

with a good-humoured indignation at seeing his friend preferred, and himself neglected, concludes an epistle written in the year 1698, to FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, Esq; with these three lines.

*My friend CHARLES MONTAGUE's prefer'd,
Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd,
That one mouse eates, while t'other's starv'd.*

}

The characters of the four impeached lords are described under *Athenian* names. PHOCION is the earl of *Portland*. ARISTIDES is lord SOMERS. THEMISTOCLES is the earl of *Orford*. PERICLES is the earl of *Hallifax*. In parallels of this sort, it is impossible that every circumstance should tally with the utmost exactness: but the whole treatise is full of historical knowledge, and excellent reflections. It is not mixed with any improper fallies of wit, or any light airs of humour: and in point of style and learning, is equal, if not superior, to any of his political works.

The sentiments of a church-of-Englandman, with respect to religion and government, was written in the year 1708. It is adapted to that particular period. The style of the whole pamphlet is nervous, and, except in some few places, impartial. The state of *Holland* is so justly, and, at the same time, so concisely delineated, that I cannot help transcribing it. Speaking of the *Dutch*, the author says, "*They are a commonwealth founded on a sudden, by a desperate attempt on a desperate condition, not formed or digested into a regular system by mature thought and reason, but buddled up under the pressure of sudden exigencies; calculated for no long duration, and hitherto subsisting by accident in the midst of contending powers, who cannot yet agree about sharing it amongst them.*" This tract is very well worth reading and attention: and it confirms an observation which will perpetually occur, that SWIFT excels in whatever style or manner he assumes. When he is in earnest, his strength of reason carries with it conviction

conviction. When in jest, every competitor in the race of wit is left behind him.

The argument against abolishing christianity is carried on with the highest wit and humour. Grave divines threaten their readers with future punishments: SWIFT artfully exhibits a picture of present shame. He judged that a small treatise, written with a spirit of mirth and freedom, must be more efficacious, than long sermons, and laborious lessons of morality. He endeavours to laugh us into religion; well knowing, that we are often laughed out of it. As all my readers probably have not read this pamphlet, I shall insert the following quotation, to which may be prefixed the the old proverb *ex pede Herculem*. "I
" *would fain know* (says the Dean) *how it can be*
" *pretended, that the churches are misapplied. Where*
" *are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallan-*
" *try? where more care to appear in the foremost box*
" *with greater advantage of dress? Where more*
" *meetings for business? Where more bargains driven*
" *of all sorts? And where so many conveniencies or*
" *incitements to sleep?*"

THE papers which immediately follow are entirely humorous, and relate to PARTRIDGE the almanac maker: and although they are not only temporary, but local, yet by an art peculiar to the Dean himself, they are rendered immortal, so as to be read with pleasure, as long as the *English* language subsists.

To these, succeeds a *project for the advancement of religion, and the reformation of manners*, written in the year 1709, and dedicated to the countess of BERKLEY. The author appears in earnest throughout the whole treatise, and the dedication, or introduction, is in a strain of serious panegyric, which the lady, to whom it is addressed, undoubtedly deserved. But as the pamphlet is of the satirical kind, I am to imagine, that the Dean put a violence upon himself, in chusing to appear candidly serious, rather than to smile under his usual mask of gravity.

The letter to the earl of ORFORD for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English tongue might have been a very useful performance, if it had been longer, and less eclipsed by compliments to the noble person to whom it is addressed. It seems to have been intended as a preface to some more enlarged design: at the head of which such an introduction must have appeared with great propriety. A work of this kind is much wanted, as our language, instead of being improved, is every day growing worse, and more debased. We bewilder ourselves in various orthography; we speak, and we write at random; and if a man's common conversation was to be committed to paper, he would be startled to find himself guilty in a few sentences, of so many solécisms and such false *English*. I believe we are the only people in the Christian world, who repeat the Lord's Prayer, in an ungrammatical manner: and I remember to have heard, that when a motion was made in the convocation to alter the word [which] for the word [who], the proposition was rejected by the majority. This instance may shew of what sort of men, the most learned, and even the most reverend assemblies, are sometimes composed. But let us consider the conduct of a neighbouring nation. How industrious have the *French* been to improve their language? and to what a state of perfection have they brought it? *Rome*, by her conquests, made her dialect universal: *France*, by her policy, has done the same. By policy, I mean the encouragement of arts and sciences; which will often render a nation more powerful than arms. Nothing has contributed so much to the purity and excellence of the *French* tongue, as the noble academies established for that purpose: and, until some public work of the same kind is undertaken in *England*, we cannot flatter ourselves with any hopes of amending the errors, or ascertaining the limits of our style. Though this design may not be sufficiently momentous to us for the consideration of our legislative powers, yet
if

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if to our hospitals for lunatics, one was added for the reception and support of men of sense and learning, it would be of the highest honour to the present age, and of no less advantage to posterity. I call it an hospital, because I suppose it to be erected for the benefit of such persons, whose infirm fortunes, or diseased revenues may have rendered the strength and abilities of their minds weak and useless to the public: for I entirely agree with ARISTOTLE, where he says, in the words of his scholiast, *Eum præclara et magna vix posse exequi et præstare, cui facultates defunt: quoniam per amicos et civilem potentiam veluti per instrumenta necesse est pleraque effici.*

THERE are two other letters in this volume extremely worthy of notice. The one is, *To a young gentleman lately entered into holy orders.* The other is, *To a young lady on her marriage.* The former, ought to be read by all the young clergymen in the three kingdoms, and the latter, by all the new married women. But, here again is the peculiar felicity of the Dean's writings; the letters are addressed only to a young clergyman and a young lady, but they are adapted to every age and understanding. They contain observations that delight and improve every mind; and they will be read, with pleasure and advantage, by the oldest, and most exemplary divines, and by the most distinguished, and most accomplished ladies.

THE rest of the volume is filled up with short tracts, and papers of various sorts: mostly humorous, and entertaining.

THE second volume of the Dean's works, is filled with poetry: but the poems in general are short and satirical. The poem of the greatest length, and, I believe, the longest ever composed by the Dean, is of a very extraordinary nature, and upon a very extraordinary subject. It is called CADENUS and VANESSA. As a poem, it is excellent in its kind, perfectly correct, and admirably conducted. The Dean, who had the nicest ear, is remarkably chaste
and

and delicate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital sins in poetry; and yet it is a sin into which some of our greatest poets have fallen. DRYDEN frequently: POPE sometimes. The former, was embarrassed with a wife and family, and was often under such necessitous circumstances as to be obliged to publish, or to want subsistence. The latter, was in a less confined, and in a much more easy situation: he was naturally judicious, and uncommonly attentive to maintain the dignity of his character. Although his body was weak, his mind was equal to the weight of his laurel crown; and he wore it not only with ease, but majesty. Take him as a poet, *we shall not see his like again.* To satisfy the curiosity of my readers, I will give them some particulars of VANESSA. Her real name was ESTHER VANHOMRIGH*. She was one of the daughters of BARTHOLOMEW VANHOMRIGH, a Dutch merchant of Amsterdam, who, upon the revolution, went into Ireland, and was appointed, by King WILLIAM, a commissioner of the revenue. Her mother, whose name I forget, was born in Ireland, of very mean extraction. The Dutch merchant, by parsimony and prudence, had collected a fortune of about sixteen thousand pounds: he bequeathed an equal division of it to his wife and his four children, of which two were sons, and two were daughters. The sons, after the death of their father, travelled abroad. The eldest died beyond sea, and the youngest, surviving his brother only a short time, the whole patrimony fell to his two sisters, ESTHER and MARY.

WITH this increase of wealth, and with heads and hearts elated by affluence, and unrestrained by foresight or discretion, the widow VANHOMRIGH and her two daughters quitted the illuxurious soil of their native country, for the more elegant pleasures of the English court. During their residence at London, they lived in a course of prodigality that stretched itself far beyond the limits of their income, and reduced them to

* The name is pronounced VANNUMMERY.

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great distress, in the midst of which, the mother died, and the two daughters hastened in all secrecy back to *Ireland*, beginning their journey on a Sunday, to avoid the interruption, and importunities of a certain fierce kind of animals called bailiffs, who are not only sworn foes to wit and gaiety, but whose tyranny, although it could not have reached the deified VANESSA, might have been very fatal to ESTHER VANHOMRIGH. Within two years after their arrival in *Ireland*, MARY the youngest sister died, and the small remains of the shipwrecked fortune centered in VANESSA.

VANITY makes terrible devastation in a female breast. It batters down all restraints of modesty, and carries away every seed of virtue. VANESSA was excessively vain. The character given of her by CADENUS is fine painting, but, in general, fictitious. She was fond of dress: Impatient to be admired: Very romantic in her turn of mind: Superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex: full of pertness, gaiety, and pride: not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel: ambitious, at any rate, to be esteemed a wit; and, with that view, always affecting to keep company with wits: a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry: happy in the thoughts of being reputed SWIFT's concubine: but still aiming and intending to be his wife. By nature haughty, and disdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the smiles of self-approbation upon her equals: but upon the Dean, with the eyes of love. Her love was founded in vanity, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, *in taste*. His own lines are the best proof of my assertion.

CADENUS many things had writ;
VANESSA much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works;
Mean time the boy * in secret lurks,
And while the book was in her hand,
The urchin, from his private stand,

* CUPID.

And

Took aim, and shot with all his strength
 A dart of such prodigious length ;
 It pierc'd the feeble volume thro',
 And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
 Some lines, more moving than the rest,
 Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast ;
 And born directly to her heart,
 With pains unknown increas'd the smart.

VANESSA, not in years a score,
 Dreams of a gown of forty four ;
 Imaginary charms can find,
 In eyes, with reading, almost blind :
 CADENUS now no more appears
 Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years :
 She fancies music in his tongue,
 Nor further looks, but thinks him young.

THE poem itself is dated in the year 1713, when SWIFT was in his meridian altitude ; favoured by the courtiers ; flattered, feared, and admired by the greatest men in the nation.

By the verses which I have already recited, it may be perfumed, that the lady was first smitten with the fame and character of CADENUS, and afterwards with his person. Her first thoughts pursued a phantom. Her later passion desired a substance. The manner in which she discovered her inclinations, is poetically described in these lines.

She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts,
 But he must answer for her faults.
 She well remember'd, to her cost,
 That all his lessons were not lost.

Two maxims she cou'd still produce,
 And sad experience taught their use ;
 That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 Knows nothing which it dare not own ;
 Can make us, without fear, disclose
 Our inmost secrets to our foes :
 That common forms were not design'd
 Directors to a noble mind.

Now,

Now, said the nymph, to let you see,
 My actions with your rules agree;
 That I can vulgar forms despise,
 And have no secrets to disguise,
 I knew, by what you said and writ,
 How dang'rous things were men of wit;
 You caution'd me against their charms,
 But never gave me equal arms:
 Your lessons found the weakest part,
 Aim'd at the head, and reach'd the heart.

SUPPOSING this account to be true, (and I can scarce think it otherwise,) it is evident, that the fair VANESSA had made a surprizing progress in the philosophic doctrines, which she had received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a most extraordinary kind. He taught her, that vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue. That vulgar forms were not binding upon certain *choice spirits*, to whom either the writings, or the persons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the lesson with attention, and imbibed the philosophy with eagerness. The maxims suited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined that if the theory appeared so charming, the practice must be much more delightful. The close connection of soul and body seemed to require, in the eye of a female philosopher, that each should succeed the other in all pleasurable enjoyments. The former had been sufficiently regaled, why must the latter remain unsatisfied? "Nature, said VANESSA, abhors a vacuum, and nature ought always to be obeyed." She communicated these sentiments to her tutor, but he seemed not to comprehend her meaning, nor to conceive the *distinctio rationis* that had taken rise in his own school. He answered her in the *non-essential modes*. He talked of friendship, of the delights of reason, of gratitude, respect and esteem. He almost preached upon virtue, and he muttered some indistinct phrases concerning chastity.

So unaccountable a conduct in CADENUS may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than
 from

from the scrupulous difficulties of a tender conscience. Such a supposition will still appear more strong, if we recollect the distant manner in which the Dean cohabited with STELLA, colder, if possible, after, than before, she was his wife: and I now recollect some of his own lines that seem to confirm the surmise, as they contain an insinuation against VANESSA, not perhaps so much intended to wound her reputation, as to save his own.

But what success VANESSA met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends,
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together,
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

It is impossible to read this cruel hint without great indignation against the *conscious muse*, especially as it is the finishing stroke of a picture, which was already drawn in too loose a garment, and too unguarded a posture. In this instance, I am afraid the Dean must remain inexcusable.

VANESSA, in some time after the death of her sister, retired to *Selbridge*, a small house and estate that had been purchased by her father, within ten or twelve miles of *Dublin*. Spleen and disappointment were the companions of her solitude. The narrowness of her income, the coldness of her lover, the loss of her reputation, all contributed to make her miserable, and to encrease the frenzical disposition of her mind. In this melancholly situation she remained several years, during which time CADENUS visited her frequently. Their particular conversation, as it passed without witnesses, must for ever remain unknown; but, in general, it is certain, that she often pressed him to marry her. His answers were rather turns of wit than positive

positive denials; till at last, being unable to sustain her weight of misery any longer, she writ a very tender epistle to CADENUS, insisting peremptorily upon as serious answer, immediate acceptance, or absolute refusal of her, as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final visit at *Selbridge*: and throwing down the letter upon her table, with great passion hastened back to his horse, carrying in his countenance the frowns of anger and indignation.

THE Dean had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could scarce soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid and serene: but when that sternness of visage was encreased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks, or features, that carried in them more terror and austerity. VANESSA had seen him in all tempers, and from his outward appearance she guessed at the inward contents of his letter. She read it with as much resolution as the present cruelty of her fate, and the raging pride of her heart, would permit. She found herself entirely discarded from his friendship and conversation. Her offers were treated with insolence and disdain. She met with reproaches instead of love, and with tyranny instead of affection. She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue; which, upon this occasion, might have proved healing ingredients to so deep, and so dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion, she had utterly destroyed her character, and her conscience: and she was now fallen a prey to the horror of her own thoughts.

*Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat: tædet cæli convexa tueri.*

SHE did not survive many days the letter delivered to her by CADENUS, but, during that short interval, she was sufficiently composed, to cancel a will made in the Dean's favour, and to make another, wherein she left her fortune (which, by long retirement, was in some measure retrieved) to her two executors, Dr. BERKLEY, the present Bishop of *Cloyne*, and Mr. MARSHALL, one of the King's Serjeants at law. She had chosen Mr. MARSHALL, not only as he had an ex-

cellent character, but as he was her relation. She had little personal acquaintance with Dr. BERKLEY: his virtues, and his genius, were universally known: yet other motives perhaps induced her to appoint him a joint executor: in such an appointment, she probably designed to mortify the pride of the Dean, by letting him see, that, in her last thoughts, she preferred a stranger before him.

Thus perished, at *Selbridge*, under all the agonies of despair, Mrs. ESTHER VANHOMRIGH; a miserable example of an ill-spent life, fantastic wit, visionary schemes, and female weakness.

THOUGH the Dean kept company with many of the fair sex, they were rather his amusement than his admiration. He trifled away many hours in their conversation, he filled many pages in their praise, and by the power of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the least assistance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, supported by the bent of his genius, and joined by the excessive coldness of his nature, VANESSA owed the ruin of her reputation, and from the same causes, STELLA remained an unacknowledged wife. If we consider the Dean's behaviour, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find, that he looked upon them rather as Busts, than as whole figures. In his panegyrical descriptions, he has seldom descended lower than the centre of their hearts: or if ever he has designed a compleat statue, it has been generally cast in a dirty, or in a disagreeable mould: as if the statuary had not conceived, or had not experienced, that justness of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and those pleasing, and graceful attitudes which have constituted the sex to be the most beautiful part of the creation. If the several poems to STELLA were examined, they would be found fuller of affection than desire, and more expressive of friendship, than of love. For example,

THOU, STELLA, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung;
Without one word of CUPID'S darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:

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With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'r admitted Love a guest.

MOST of the poems, which are absolutely addressed to STELLA, or which describe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age, a kind of pretext, perhaps for the Dean's want of love.

IT is impossible to pass a minute comment upon the various pieces of the Dean's writings, except one was to swell a large volume in trifling remarks. The Dean's poems are not only improperly mingled in point of dates and subjects, but many of them are temporary, and, I had almost said, puerile. Several of them are personal, and consequently amusing to but a few. Such poems as are likely to draw our attention, are exquisite, and so peculiarly his own, that whoever presumed to imitate him in these, or in any of his works, has always failed in the attempt. *The Lady's Dressing-Room* has been generally condemned, as deficient in point of delicacy; but it is not unnatural to think that the Dean exhibited his CELIA in the most hideous colours he could find, least she might be mistaken as a goddess, when she was only a mortal. The Dean was not insensible, that external beauty is very alluring to youth, and inexperience. Therefore, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his *barpy*, discovers at once a frightful bird of prey; and, by making her offensive, renders her less dangerous and inviting.

THE Dean's early and repeated disappointments, the ill treatment he met with from so many inconsiderate people, made him so often forget that politeness and tenderness of manners, which are undoubtedly due to human kind.

If the Dean had not suffered so many inquietudes in life, probably he would have made a calmer *exit*, from the stage, for which his friend HORACE so earnestly supplicates APOLLO.

*Frui paratîs et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones: et, precor, integrâ
Cum mente: nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.*

THE Dean's pride was so great, he scarce admitted any one to share his friendship, except those who could amuse him, or do him honour. To these two different classes, we owe many of his poems. His companions and humble followers find themselves immortalized by the insertion of their names in addresses to STELLA, or in other miscellaneous pieces, written in an easy, yet not in a careless, manner.

His more exalted friends, whose stations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different style: and we may perceive a real dignity and delicate wit in all his poems to lord OXFORD, lord PETERBOROUGH, lord CARTERET, Mr. PULTENEY, the countess of WINCHELSEA, and Mrs. BIDDY FLOYDE.

IN his poems, addressed to Mr. POPE, Mr. GAY, doctor DELANY, and doctor YOUNG, there is a mixture of ease and dignity, familiarity and affection; they were his intimate friends, whom he loved sincerely, and whom he would willingly accompany into the poetical regions of eternity.

THE Dean once introduced a friend of his to *Daphne*, one of his female favourites, who, before the gentleman had been half an hour in the room, asked him, if he had read the Dean's *Death and Daphne*? he told her he did not; she immediately unlocked a cabinet, and bringing out the manuscript, read it with a seeming satisfaction, of which one might reasonably doubt the sincerity. While she was reading, the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphasis upon particular words. As soon as she had gone through the whole, she assured the gentleman, smilingly, that the portrait of DAPHNE was drawn for herself: the gentleman begged to be excused from believing it, and protested he could not see one feature that had the least resemblance. The Dean immediately burst into a fit of laughter. 'You fancy, says he, that you act the polite gentleman now, but you are much mistaken. That lady had rather

‘rather be a DAPHNE drawn by me, than a SACHARRISSA by any other pencil.’

THE command the Dean had over all his female friends, is easily perceived by this, as well as many more instances. His house was a constant *seraglio* of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and assiduity, that are seldom paid to the richest, or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the grand signior himself.

To these ladies, the Dean owed the publication of many pieces, which ought never to have been committed to the press. He communicated every composition, as soon as finished, to his female senate, who not only passed their judgment on the performance, but constantly asked, and almost as constantly obtained, a copy of it. Therefore, no one need be surprized, that it was immediately afterwards seen in print, and when printed, became a part of his works.

THE Dean lived much at home, and was constantly employed in writing, when alone. Not one of his senators presumed to approach him, when he signified his pleasure to remain in private, without interruption. His night gown and slippers were not easier put on or off, than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own person, or more devotion to his own mandates. This despotic power not only blinded him, but gave a loose to passions that ought to have been kept under a proper restraint.

HIS *Acerrima* and *Minutiæ* are read by his learned friends with indignation and regret. Yet since he has descended so low as to write; and, still so much lower as to print *riddles*, he is excellent even in that way. The lines are smoother, the expressions are neater, and the thought is closer pursued, than in any other *riddle writer* that ever appeared. His composing riddles is like TITIAN painting draught-boards, which must have been inexcusable, while there remained a sign-post painter in the world.

AT the latter end of this volume, there are two *Latin* poems; the first, *An Epistle to Doctor SHERIDAN*; the last, *A Description of the Rocks at Carbery, in Ireland*. The Dean was very desirous that they should be printed, and assumed more vanity to himself, upon these two *Latin* poems, than upon many of his best *English* performances.

It is said, that MILTON, in his own judgment, preferred *Paradise regained*, to *Paradise lost*. Hence it evidently follows, that the greatest men are not the best judges of their own works. If those two *Latin* poems had been the produce of any other author, they must have undergone a severe censure from the Dean, who, though he was not a *Latin* poet, understood that language exceeding well.

THE third volume of the Dean's works, contains *The Travels of LEMUEL GULLIVER, into several remote Nations of the World*. They are divided into four parts; the first, *A Voyage to Lilliput*; the second, *A Voyage to Brobdingnag*; the third, *To Laputa, and other Islands*; the fourth, and most extraordinary, *To the Country of the Houyhnhnms*.

THESE voyages are intended as a moral political romance, in which the Dean seems to have exerted the strongest efforts of a fine irregular genius. But while his imagination and his wit, delight the venomous strokes of his satyr, although in some places just, are carried into so universal a severity, that not only all human actions, but human nature itself is placed in the worst light. Perfection, in every attribute, is not indeed allotted to particular men: but among the whole species, we discover such an assemblage of all the great and amiable virtues, as may convince us, that the original order of nature contains in it the greatest beauty. It is directed in a right line, but deviates into curves and irregular motions, by various attractions, and disturbing causes. Different qualifications shine out in different men. BACON and NEWTON (not to mention BOYLE) shew the divine extent of the human mind; of which power, the Dean was not insensible, but his many disappointments

pointments and inquietudes rendered him splenetic and angry with the whole world.

FORTITUDE of mind, seldom attends a sedentary life, nor is the man, whose ambitious views are crossed, scarce ever afterwards indued with benevolence of heart. For it is well known, education, habit, and constitution, give a surprizing variety of characters, and while they produce some particular qualities, are apt to check others.

To correct vice, by shewing her deformity in opposition to the beauty of virtue, and to amend the false systems of philosophy, by pointing out the errors, and applying salutary means to avoid them, is a noble design, and the general intent I would fain believe of our hieroglyphic dean.

GULLIVER's travels are chiefly to be looked upon as an irregular essay of the Dean's peculiar wit and humour. Let us take a view of the two first parts together. The inhabitants of *Lilliput* are represented, as if reflected from a concave mirror, by which every object is reduced to a despicable minuteness. The inhabitants of *Brobdingnag*, by a contrary mirror, are enlarged to a shocking deformity. In *Lilliput* we behold a set of puny insects, or animalcules in human shape, ridiculously engaged in affairs of moment. In *Brobdingnag* the monsters of vast size are employed in trifles.

LEMUEL GULLIVER has observed great exactness in the just proportion and appearances of the several objects thus lessened and magnified: but he dwells too long upon these optical deceptions. The mind is tired with a repetition of them, especially as he points out no beauty, nor use in such amazing discoveries, which might have been so continued as to have afforded improvement, at the same time that they gave surprize. Upon the whole, he too often shews an indelicacy that is not agreeable, and exerts his vein of humour most improperly in some places.

IN his description of *Lilliput*, he seems to have had *England* more immediately in view. In his description of *Blefuscu*, he seems to intend the people and kingdom

kingdom of *France*: yet the allegory between these nations is frequently interrupted, and scarce any where compleat. Several just strokes of satyr are scattered here and there upon errors in the conduct of our government: and, in the sixth chapter of his voyage to *Brobdingnag*, he gives an account of the political state of *Europe*: his observations are delivered with his usual spirit of humour and severity. He appears most particularly affected with the proceedings of the courts of judicature, and complains of being almost ruined by a chancery suit, *though determined in his favour with costs*. It must be confessed, that instances of this kind are too frequent in our courts of justice, and they leave us no room to boast of the execution of our present laws, however excellent the laws, in their own original foundation, may have been. *Judgement, when turned into wormwood, is bitter*, but delays turn it into vinegar: it becomes sharp and corrosive: and certainly it is more eligible to die immediately by the wound of an enemy, than to decay lingering by poison, administered from a pretended friend.

THE seventh chapter of the voyage of *Brobdingnag* contains such sarcasms on the structure of the human body, as too plainly shew us, that the author was unwilling to lose any opportunity of debasing and ridiculing his own species.

To return to the *Lilliputians*, and the *Brobdingnagians*, where indelicacies do not intervene, the narrative is very entertaining and humorous. Several just strokes of satyr are scattered up and down upon political errors in government. In some parts, GULLIVER seems to have had particular incidents, or particular persons, in his view. His observations on education are useful: and so are his improvements on the institution of LYCURGUS. Upon reading over the two first parts of these travels, one may discover a very great resemblance between certain passages in GULLIVER'S voyage to *Lilliput*, and the voyage of CYRANO DE BERGERAC to the sun and moon.

CYRANO

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CYRANO DE BERGERAC is a *French* author of a singular character, who had a very peculiar turn of wit and humour, in many respects resembling that of the Dean. He wanted the advantages of learning, and a regular education: his imagination was less guarded, and correct, but more agreeably extravagant. He has introduced into his philosophical romance, the system of DESCARTES intermixt with several fine strokes of just satyr on the wild, and immechanical enquiries of the philosophers, and astronomers of that age: and in many parts he has evidently directed the plan, which the Dean has pursued.

I AM sorry, and yet, in candour, I ought to observe, that GULLIVER, in his voyage to *Lilliput*, dares even to exert his vein of humour so liberally, as to place the resurrection (one of the most encouraging principles of the Christian religion) in a ridiculous and contemptible light *. Why should that appointment be denied to man, or appear so very extraordinary in the human kind, which the author of nature has illustrated in the vegetable species, where the seed dies and corrupts, before it can rise again to new beauty and glory?

THE third part of GULLIVER's travels are in general written against chymists, mathematicians, mechanics, and projectors of all kinds.

THE Dean was little acquainted with mathematics, and was prejudiced against it, by observing the strange effects it produced in those, who applied themselves entirely to it. No part of human literature has given greater strength to the mind, or has produced greater benefits to mankind, than the several branches of the mathematics. But the abuses of this study, the idle, thin, immechanical refinements of it, are just subjects of satyr. The real use of knowledge is to invigorate, not to enervate the faculties of reason. Learning degenerates into a species of madness, when it is not superior to what it possesseth. The sci-

entific powers are most evident, when, they are capable of exerting themselves in the social duties of life: when, they wear no chains, but can freely disengage themselves, and like a sound constitution of body, rise chearful, and more vigorous by the food they have acquired, being neither oppressed, nor rendered stupid by the labours of digestion.

LORD BACON has justly exposed the vain pursuits of ostentatious pedants in the different parts of learning; and their unaccountable temerity in deducing general rules from arbitrary maxims, or few experiments: he has likewise fixed upon a sure and certain basis, the procedure and limits of the human understanding. SWIFT has pursued the same plan in a different manner, and has placed the imaginary schemes of all pretenders, in a more ludicrous, and therefore in a more proper light.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.

HE cannot be supposed to condemn useful experiments, or the right application of them: but he ridicules the vain attempts, and irregular productions of those rash men, who, like Ixion, embracing a cloud instead of a goddess, plagued the world with Centaurs, whilst JUPITER, from the embraces of a JUNO, and an ALCMENA, blessed the earth with an HEBE, and an HERCULES.

HOWEVER wild the description of the *flying island*, the manners, and various projects of the philosophers of *Lagado* may appear; yet it is a real picture embellished with much latent wit and humour. It is a satyr upon those astronomers and mathematicians, who have so entirely dedicated their time to the planets, that they have been careless of their family and country, and have been chiefly anxious, about the œconomy and welfare of the upper worlds. But if we consider the Dean's romance in a serious light, we shall find him of opinion, that those determinations in philosophy, which at present seem to the most know-
ing

ing men to be perfectly well founded and understood, are in reality unsettled, or uncertain, and may perhaps some ages hence be as much descried, as the axioms of ARISTOTLE are at this day. Sir ISAAC NEWTON, and his notions may hereafter be out of fashion. There is a kind of mode in philosophy, as well as in other things: and such modes often change more from the humour and caprice of men, than either from the unreasonable, or the ill-founded conclusions of the philosophy itself. The reasonings of some philosophers have undoubtedly better foundations than those of others; but the Dean is of opinion, that the most applauded philosophy hitherto extant has not fully, clearly, and certainly explained many difficulties in the phænomena of nature. He believed that God may have absolutely denied us the perfect knowledge of many points in philosophy, so that we shall never arrive at that perfection, however certain we may suppose ourselves of having attained to it already. Upon the whole, we may say with TULLY, *Omnibus ferè in rebus, et maxime in physicis quid non sit citius, quam quid sit, dixerim.*

THE project for a more easy and expeditious method of writing a treatise in any science, by a wooden engine *, is entertainingly satyrical, and is aimed at those authors, who, instead of receiving materials from their own thoughts and observations, collect from dictionaries and common place-books, an irregular variety, without order, use, or design,

*Ut nec pes nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ.*

THE project of shortning a discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles †, is pointed at the pernicious custom of contracting the *English* language, the dialect of which is naturally harsh, and that harshness is still encreased by

* Page 218.

† Page 220.

improper contradictions. As the Dean was scrupulously exact in the pronounciation of his own tongue, not the least improper expreffion ever escaped his censure: and some remember to have seen in manuscript a dictionary of hard words, compos'd by him for the use of his female senate.

THE sixth chapter* is full of severity and satyr. Sometimes it is exerted against the legislative power: sometimes against particular politicians: sometimes against women: and sometimes it degenerates into filth. True humour ought to be kept up with decency, and dignity, or it loses every tincture of entertainment. Descriptions that shock our delicacy cannot have the least good effect upon our minds. They offend us, and we fly precipitately from the sight. We cannot stay long enough to examine, whether wit, sense, or morality, may be couched under such odious appearances. These sort of descriptions, which are too often interspersed throughout all the Dean's works, are seldom written with any other view, or from any other motive, than a wild unbridled indulgence of his own humour and disposition.

He seems to have finished his voyage to *Laputa* in a careless hurrying manner, which makes some almost think, that he was sometimes tired with his work, and attempted to run through it as fast as he could; otherwise why was the curtain dropped so soon, or why were we deprived of so noble a scene as might have been discovered in the island of *Glubdubdrib* †, where the governor, by his skill in necromancy, had the power of calling whom he pleased from the dead. I believe it would be impossible to find out the Dean's design in summoning up a parcel of apparitions, that from their behaviour, or from any thing they say, are almost of as little consequence, as the ghosts in *GAY's* farce of the *What d'ye call it*. Perhaps, his general design might be, to arraign the conduct of eminent persons

* Page 223.

† Chap. 7. Page 252.

after their death, and to convey their names, and images to posterity, deprived of those false colours, in which they formerly appeared. If these were his intentions, he has missed his aim ; or at least, has been so far carried away by his disposition to raillery, that the moral, which ought to arise from such a fable, is buried in obscurity.

THE first airy substance introduced is ALEXANDER the Great *. After a hint from GULLIVER, that we have lost the true *Greek* idiom, the conqueror of the universe is made to declare upon his honour, "*That he died by excessive drinking, not by poison.*" A trifling and improper observation, because the apparition is called up as he appeared at the head of his army, just after the battle of *Arabella*. The reader's expectations were great, when he found his appearance was to be at that particular juncture. Though they would rather have wished to have seen him after the battle of *Iffus*, when the temperate use which he made of his victory, was highly worthy of imitation. Such a circumstance might have graced his triumph. There are others too in the historical records of him, that redound to his honour. The tender regard which he shewed to PINDAR, by sparing the house of that poet (when he rased the city of *Thebes*) seems to demand perpetual gratitude from all succeeding poets. The manner in which he visited the tomb of ACHILLES : the affection and respect paid by him to ARISTOTLE : the undaunted confidence placed in his physician PHILIP, are instances sufficient to shew, that ALEXANDER did not want some virtues of humanity : and when we consider several of his rash actions of inebriety, they convince us, how far the native excellencies of the mind may be debased and changed by passions which too often attend success and luxury.

*Utcunque defecere mores
Dedecorant benè nata culpa.*

* Chap. 7. Page 234.

It is evident, that the Dean had conceived an absolute disgust to ALEXANDER, whose character he aims to destroy, by touching it in so slight a manner, that he puts me in mind of the visit paid by AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, to ALEXANDER's sepulchre at *Alexandria*. Upon the emperor's arrival, the body of the Macedonian hero was found in it's full dimensions, but so tender, notwithstanding all the former embalming, that CÆSAR, by touching only the nose of it, defaced the whole figure immediately.

HANNIBAL * seems to have been summoned with no other view than to censure LIVY the historian. It is not only improbable, but impossible, that HANNIBAL should have carried a sufficient quantity of vinegar for the purpose related by LIVY: but as vinegar will certainly soften and dissolve stones, the experiment might have been improved, or so contrived by HANNIBAL, as to appear to make an easy and expeditious opening through some particular passage, already fitted for the purpose. Such a trial, practised in that age of darkness, and properly managed, might have been universally received as a kind of miracle: so that LIVY could scarce have avoided inserting the report as an acknowledged truth: especially as the fact itself seems to infer, that the *Romans* were invincible, unless from some supernatural cause. The Dean (no friend to military men) thinks the *Carthaginian* general unworthy of any farther notice: and hastens to call up the senate of *Rome*. This gives him an opportunity of being very severe upon a certain modern assembly, which he treats in a manner more resembling the *Cynic* in his cell, than the free-humoured *Rabelais* in his easy chair,

POMPEY and CÆSAR only appear to grace the entry of BRUTUS, who is the Dean's favourite patriot: but as CÆSAR generously confessed to GULLIVER, "That the greatest actions of his life, were not, by many degrees, equal to the glory of taking it away."

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It would have been a proper alleviation of the dictator's crimes, to have acknowledged him the greatest statesman, orator, and soldier of the age, in which he lived: an age, fertile of eminent men: an age, when ambition was scarce looked upon as a crime: and when the *Roman* virtue (once the support and preservation of the commonwealth) was long since lost in vice and luxury: at such a time a single master was become necessary, and POMPEY would have seized the reins of government had not CÆSAR interposed. If the conspirators had restored liberty to their country, their act had been compleatly glorious, and would have shewed, that CÆSAR, not *Rome*, was degenerated. But, if we may judge from the consequences, heaven disapproved of the deed: a particular fate attended the conspirators, not one of whom died a natural death: and even BRUTUS, perhaps recollecting, in his last moments, the benefits, which he had received from CÆSAR, was staggered in his thoughts of virtue, and imagining himself deceived by a shadow, broke out into a pathological expression, signifying, "*that he had worshipped virtue as a substance, and had found it only a shadow:*" so that he seems to have wanted that fortitude of mind, which constantly attends true virtue to the grave. This defect in the character of BRUTUS, is not improperly expressed in the famous gallery of the great duke of *Tuscany*, where there is a very fine head of BRUTUS begun by MICHAEL ANGELO, but left unfinished: under it is engraven, upon a copper plate, this distic,

*Dum BRUTI effigiem sculptor de marmore ducit,
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinuit.*

IF BRUTUS erred, it was from a wrong notion of virtue. The character of CÆSAR is perhaps more amiable, but less perfect: his faults were great; however, many of them were foils to his virtues.

GULLIVER has given to BRUTUS five companions, JUN. BRUTUS, SOCRATES, EPAMINONDAS,

CATO the censor, and Sir THOMAS MOORE. Such a sextumvirate is not easily to be encreased : yet it is to be hoped that the reflection is too severely critical, when he adds, “ *that all the ages of the world cannot furnish out a seventh.*” Every age has produced men of virtue, and abilities in the highest degree. The race of mankind, since their first creation, have been always the same. The greatest characters have been blended with the greatest faults. Poets and historians have singled out particular persons for fame and immortality : they have adorned them with accomplishments, which perhaps they never possessed, while other men equally meritorious, have been silently buried in oblivion, with only the self consciousness of deserving a rank among the companions of BRUTUS in the Elysian fields.

IN this illustrious sextumvirate, SOCRATES and Sir THOMAS MOORE undoubtedly deserve the pre-eminence. The extravagant virtue of JUNIUS BRUTUS is shocking to every parent, and every good-natured mind. The important services of the father, might justly have claimed from the public, the pardon of his sons : and when his paternal piety had saved their lives, his precepts and example might so effectually have reclaimed their errors, as to have made them become useful members of the commonwealth. I am fully persuaded, that if the Dean had been a father, we should not have found the name of JUNIUS BRUTUS where it is now placed.

GULLIVER, after having taken a transient view of numberless illustrious persons, whom he does not name, closes the chapter.

GULLIVER, tired of heroes, changes the scene in the eighth chapter of his voyage to *Laputa*, and becomes curious to know the situation of poets and philosophers, who, in their turn, have as eagerly contended for fame, as CÆSAR did for power, or BRUTUS for liberty. He desires, that HOMER and ARISTOTLE may make their appearance at the head of their commentators. HOMER, says

says our traveller "*was the taller and comelier person of the two: walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld.*" It is certain, that HOMER has rather gained, than lost vigour by his years. Twenty-six centuries, have not umbraced his nerves, or given one wrinkle to his brow: and although GULLIVER has bestowed upon him the additional ornament of fine eyes, yet some are apt to think they made the figure of this divine old man less awful: at least I am glad that he wanted his eye sight while he lived, since it is impossible, not to conclude from the productions of HOMER and MILTON, that the *Mind's Eye* becomes more intensely discerning, when it is not interrupted by external objects. It is an old observation, that HOMER has nourished more persons than SYLLA, CÆSAR, and AUGUSTUS; and while their pictures have decayed, not a letter of the Iliad has been lost.

HOMER and ARISTOTLE were as opposite as possible in their characters: but the Dean has placed them together, with a view of shewing their commentators, in that just and ridiculous light, in which those scholiasts ought to appear. When an age is blessed with the productions of an uncommon genius, such as resembles HOMER, it must, in some measure, be punished by bad imitations and comments; in the same manner that you may have observed the sun by its heat and influence raising vapours, and animating insects, that infect and perhaps corrupt the air, in which he shines with so much lustre. But, when an original admired author, as ARISTOTLE, is really erroneous, and deceives with false specious principles, what a train of errors must arise from commentators on such subjects, who, while they endeavour to pursue and extend a pleasing enchanted prospect, that has no real foundation, deviate into a dark, disagreeable road of briers and thorns?

IT is on this account that the Dean has introduced ARISTOTLE in company with HOMER. The description of that philosopher is fine, and in a few words represents the true nature of his works. "*He stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow.*" By not having the immortal spirit of HOMER, he was unable to keep his body erect: and the staff which weakly supported him, like his commentators, made this defect more conspicuous. He wanted not some useful qualities, but these real ornaments, like his hair, were thin and ungraceful. His style was harsh, and, like his voice, had neither force nor harmony. He was without doubt a man of great genius and penetration, but he did infinitely more prejudice than service to real literature. He studied words more than facts, and delivered his philosophy perplexed with such intricate logical terms, as have laid a foundation for the endless scholastic disputations, which have corrupted and retarded the progress of learning. He waged war with all his predecessors. He never quotes an author, but with a view to refute his opinion. Like the Ottoman emperor, he could not reign in safety, till he had first destroyed his brethren. He was as ambitious in science, as his pupil ALEXANDER was in arms. He aimed to be a despotic original: and not only to be the prince, but the tyrant of philosophy. What then can be expected from the commentators of his works, who were devoid of his ingenuity, and possessed all his intricate follies? RAMUS with his covert ignorance, and SCOTUS and AQUINAS with their subdivisions, and imaginary nothings, must make a contemptible figure in the Elysian fields, which are the supposed mansions of cheerfulness, truth, and candour, and consequently must be a very improper situation for that tribe of philosophers.

"*It then desired, says GULLIVER, that DESCARTES and GASSENDI might be called up: with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to ARISTOTLE. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own*

"*mistakes*

“ mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in
 “ many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and
 “ he found that GASSENDI, who had made the doctrine
 “ of EPICURUS as palatable as he could, and the wor-
 “ tices of DESCARTES, were equally to be exploded.”

THE description of the STRULDBRUGGS, in the tenth chapter, is an instructive piece of morality: for, if we consider it in a serious light, it tends to reconcile us to our final dissolution. Death, when set in contrast to the immortality of the STRULDBRUGGS, is no longer the king of terrors, he loses his sting: he appears to us as a friend: and we cheerfully obey his summons, because it brings certain relief to the greatest miseries. It is in this description, that the Dean shines in a particular manner. He probably felt in himself the effects of approaching age, and tacitly dreaded that period of life, in which he might become a representative of those *miserable immortals*. His apprehensions were unfortunately fulfilled. He lived to be the most melancholy sight that was ever beheld: yet, even in that condition, he continued to instruct, by appearing a providential instance to mortify the vanity, which is too apt to arise in the human breast. Our life cannot be pronounced happy, till the last scene is closed with ease and resignation: the mind still continuing to preserve its usual dignity, and falling into the arms of death, as a wearied traveller sinks into rest. This is that *Euthanasia* which AUGUSTUS often desired, which ANTONINUS PIUS enjoyed, and for which every wise man will pray.

IT is with great reluctance, I shall make some remarks on GULLIVER'S voyage to the *Houyhnhnms*. In this last part of his imaginary travels, the Dean has indulged a misanthropy that is intolerable. The representation which he has given us of human nature, must terrify, and even debase the mind of the reader who views it. His sallies of wit and humour lose all their force, nothing remaining but a melancholy and disagreeable impression: and, as I have said to you, on other parts of his works, we are disgusted, not entertained; we are shocked, not instructed

fructed by the fable. I should therefore chuse to take no notice of his *Yaboos*, did I not think it necessary to assert the vindication of human nature, and thereby, in some measure, to pay my duty to the great author of our species, who has created us in a very fearful, and a very wonderful manner.

WE are composed of a mind, and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal spirit, that enlivens this fine machine, is originally of a superior nature in various bodies, (which, I own, seems most consistent and agreeable to the scale and order of beings) or, whether the difference depends on a symmetry, or peculiar structure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiously formed with proper organs to delight, and such as are adapted to all the necessary uses of life. The spirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within just limits. But, the natural force of this spirit is often immersed in matter; and the mind becomes subservient to passions, which it ought to govern and direct. HORACE, although of the Epicurean doctrine, acknowledges this truth, where he says,]

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

IT is no less evident, that this immortal spirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, seemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is imprisoned, and soars into higher and more spacious regions; where, with an energy, which I had almost said was divine, it ranges among those heavenly bodies, that, in this lower world, are scarce visible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the distance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretel, even to a degree of minuteness, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the sun will be eclipsed in the next century. These powers certainly evince the dignity of

of human nature, and the surprising effects of the immaterial spirit within us, which, in so confined a state, can thus disengage itself from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the soul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to consider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wise benevolence which reigns throughout the whole system of the universe. It is from hence, that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence, we delight in copying that great original, who, in his essence, is utterly incomprehensible, but, in his influence, is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too, we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a distinction between good and evil. Virtue acts with the utmost generosity, and with no view to her own advantage; while vice, like a glutton, feeds herself enormously, and then is willing to disgorge the nauseous offals of her feast.

THE Dean deduces his observations from wrong principles; for, in his land of *Houyhnhnms*, he considers the soul and body in their most degenerate and uncultivated state: the former as a slave to the appetites of the latter. He seems insensible of the surprising mechanism and beauty of every part of the human composition. He forgets the fine description which OVID gives of mankind.

*Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

IN painting *Yahoos*, he becomes one himself. Nor is the picture, which he draws of the *Houyhnhnms*, inviting or amusing. It wants both light and shade to adorn it. It is cold and insipid. We there view the pure instincts of brutes, unassisted by any knowledge of letters, acting within their own narrow sphere, merely for their immediate preservation. They are incapable of doing wrong, therefore they act right. It is surely a very low character given to
creatures,

creatures, in whom the author would insinuate some degree of reason, that they act inoffensively, when they have neither the motive nor the power to act otherwise. Their virtuous qualities are only negative. The Dean himself, amidst all his irony, must have confessed, that to moderate our passions, to extend our munificence to others, to enlarge our understanding, and to raise our idea of the Almighty by contemplating his works, is not only the business, but often the practice, and the study of the human mind. It is too certain, that no one individual has ever possessed every qualification and excellence: however such an assemblage of different virtues, may still be collected from different persons, as are sufficient to place the dignity of human nature in an amiable and exalted station. We must lament indeed the many instances of those who degenerate, or go astray from the end and intention of their being. The true source of this depravity is often owing to the want of education, to the false indulgence of parents, or to some other bad causes, which are constantly prevalent in every nation. Many of these errors are finely ridiculed in the foregoing parts of this romance: but the voyage to the *Houyhnhnms* is a real insult upon mankind.

IN the beginning of the fourth volume, is a pamphlet, entitled, *A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland, to a Member of the House of Commons in England, concerning the sacramental Test, written in the Year 1708*: and it is preceded by an explanatory advertisement, that was either dictated, or strictly revised by the Dean himself. He held the dissenters in the utmost degree of ridicule and detestation. He had an openness in his disposition, and a frankness in his conduct, that bore an abhorrence to all kind of reserve: even to discretion. Solemnities and outward forms were despised by him. His humorous disposition tempted him to actions inconsistent with the dignity of a clergyman: and such flights drew upon him the general character of an irreligious man. There is a story told of him, that fully shews how

how little he regarded certain ceremonies, which ought always to be observed with respect. Soon after he had been made Dean of St. PATRICK's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon, at the house of Dr. RAYMOND (with whom he had dined) at *Trim*, a little town near *Dublin*, of which the doctor was vicar. The bell had rung: the parishioners were assembled, for evening-prayers: and Dr. RAYMOND was preparing to go to the church, which was scarce two hundred yards from his house. "RAYMOND, said the Dean, I'll lay you a crown, I will begin prayers before you this afternoon." "I accept the wager," replied Dr. RAYMOND: and immediately they both ran as fast as they could towards the church. RAYMOND, who was much the nimbler man of the two, arrived first at the door: and when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading-desk. SWIFT never slackened his pace, but, running up the isle, left Dr. RAYMOND behind him in the middle of it, and stepping into the reading-desk, without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayer-book, began the liturgy in an audible voice, and continued to repeat the service sufficiently long to win his wager. To such a disposition, it is impossible that the gravity of nonconformists could be agreeable. The dislike was mutual on both sides. The Dean hated all fanatics: all fanatics hated him. This pamphlet is particularly written against *repealing the test act*: and whoever considers himself related to the kingdom of *Ireland*, will find in it, some arguments of weight and consideration, in case any such repeal should ever be attempted there.

I CANNOT help pointing out, one particular piece of satyr, that is entirely in the Dean's own style and manner. In the fourth page, he expresses himself thus. "*One of these authors (the fellow that was pilloried, I have forgot his name) is indeed so grave, sententious, dogmatical a rogue, that there is no enduring him.*" The fellow that was pilloried was DANIEL DEFOE, whose name the Dean well knew and remembered; but the circumstance of the pillory

pillory was to be introduced; and the manner of introducing it, shews great art in the nicest touches of satyr, and carries all the marks of ridicule, indignation, and contempt. The scoffs and sarcasms of the Dean, like the bite of the rattle snake, distinguish themselves more venemously dangerous, than the wounds of a common serpent.

THE next tract is, *A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufacture in Cloths, and Furniture of Houses, &c.* utterly rejecting and renouncing every thing wearable that comes from *England*, written in the year 1720. As the Dean does not appear as a political writer from the year 1714 to the year 1720, the reader will probably be curious to know, in what manner he employed his time from the death of the queen till the South-sea year. Not in poetry, for his poetical pieces, during that period, are in a manner domestic; being scarce any more than trifles to *SHERIDAN*, or *poematia* to *STELLA*. How then is the chasm to be filled up? I imagine, by *GULLIVER'S* travels. Such a work must, in all likelihood, have engrossed his leisure, during five or six years. When that was finished, he found an opening to indulge his love of politics, and to commence a patriot for *Ireland*: and he made use of the opportunity, by encreasing the natural jealousy which the lesser island constantly entertains of the greater. His treatise, or proposal, immediately raised a very violent flame. The printer was prosecuted: and the prosecution had the same effect, which generally attends those kind of measures: it added fuel to the flame. But his greatest enemies must confess, that the pamphlet is written in the style of a man, who had the good of his country nearest his heart; who saw her errors, and wished to correct them; who felt her oppressions, and wished to relieve them, and who had a desire to rouse, and awaken an indolent nation from a lethargic disposition, that might prove fatal to her constitution.

To the proposal, in favour of the Irish manufacture, succeed *Some Arguments against enlarging the Power of Bishops in letting of Leases*. This is too serious

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rious a pamphlet for all people's perusal, nor shall I give any farther account of it, than to say, that it is intermixt with those masterly strokes of irony, which are so often interspersed in SWIFT's works.

BUT the general subject of the pamphlet leads me to recollect a circumstance much to the Dean's honour. He could never be induced to take fines for any of the chapter lands. He always chose to raise the rents, as the method least oppressive to the present tenant, and most advantageous to all future tenants and landlords. He constantly refused to give charity out of the chapter funds, which he alledged were scarce sufficient to maintain the necessary repairs of the cathedral.

I AM now come to the DRAPIER's *letters*, those brazen monuments of his fame. They were written in the year 1724. Few people, if any, are ignorant of the cause which gave rise to these letters, and the effect which they had upon the nation. The true patriot-spirit, style, and conduct of these letters, can never be too much admired.

If these letters appear too grave to young people, who are little interested in the present, and much less in the past affairs of *Ireland*, they may find a paper at the end of them that will excite risibility, or I am mistaken. It is entitled, *A full and true account of the solemn procession to the Gallows, at the execution of WILLIAM WOOD, Esq; and hard-ware-man*. The author makes the several artificers attend WILLIAM WOOD (represented by a log of timber) to the gallows, and each tradesman expresses his resentment in the terms of his proper calling. "The COOK will BASTE him. The BOOKSELLER will TURN OVER A NEW LEAF with him. The TAYLOR will sit IN HIS SKIRTS;" and so on, through a number of people of different conditions. Then follows the procession, most humorously described. The whole is a piece of ridicule, too powerful for the strongest gravity to withstand.

THE next tract is, *A short view of the state of Ireland, written in the year 1727*. Of this I need take

little notice, since the present state of *Ireland* is, in general, as flourishing as possible. Agriculture is cultivated: arts and sciences are encouraged: and in the space of eighteen years, no kingdom can be more improved. *Ireland*, in relation of *England*, may be compared to a younger sister lately come of age, after having suffered all the miseries of an injured minor; such as law suits, encroachments upon her property, violation of her rights, destruction of her tenants, and every evil that can be named. At length, Time, and her own noble spirit of industry, have entirely relieved her, and, some little heart-burnings excepted, she enjoys the quiet possession of a very ample fortune, subject, by way of acknowledgement, to certain quit rents, payable to the elder branch of her house: and let me add by experience, that *take her all in all*, she cannot have a greater fortune than she deserves.

I SHALL not make any comments upon *An Answer to a Paper, called, A Memorial of the poor Inhabitants, Tradesmen, and Labourers of the Kingdom of Ireland, written in the year 1728*. The pamphlet which comes next in order of succession, is written with the Dean's usual peculiarity of humour. The title of it is, *A modest Proposal for preventing the Children of poor People in Ireland, from being a Burden to their Parents or Country; and for making them beneficial to the Public, written in the year 1729*. The proposal is to fatten beggars children, and sell them for food to rich landlords, and persons of quality.

The vindication of his excellency JOHN Lord CARTARET, from the charge of favouring none but Tories, High Churchmen, and Jacobites, is entirely humorous, and so I think are all the remaining pamphlets in this volume. But the last piece, entitled, *The Speech and dying Words of EBENEZOR ELLISTON, who was executed the 2d of May, 1722, written and published at his desire for the common good*, had a most excellent effect. The thieves, vagabonds, and all the lower class of people thought it the real work of EBENEZOR ELLISTON, who had received the grounds of a good education;

cation ; and the style of this paper, is so natural for a person in such circumstances, that it would almost deceive the nicest judgment.

I HAVE now compleated my animadversions upon the four first volumes of the Dean's works ; the last of which contains abundance of ironical wit, founded upon the basis of reason and good sense. The four first volumes of the Dean's works were published together, and passed immediately under his own inspection. Not long afterwards came out two additional volumes, both which were supervised and corrected by the author.

The Conduct of the Allies begins the fifth volume. I imagine that *the Publisher's Preface* was composed by the Dean himself, but affectedly written in a bad style. The last paragraph makes me suspect his hand. " *It is plainly seen, says the Publisher, that a spirit of liberty is diffused through all these writings, and that the author is an enemy to tyranny and oppression in any shape whatever.*" This is the character at which SWIFT aimed, and this is the character which indeed he deserved.

THROUGHOUT the course of this work, I have freely pointed out all his faults, but with all those faults, he was above corruption. A virtue in itself sufficient to cover a multitude of human failings, since from that virtue alone can flow prosperity to the commonwealth.

The Conduct of the Allies was written in the year 1712, and it is preparatory to the peace, which the ministers were then concerting, and which was afterwards perfected at *Utrecht*. It begins by reflexions on war in general, and then particularly mentions the several civil wars in our kingdom. When I am reading treatises of this sort, I cannot help pitying my unhappy country, torn to pieces by her own sons. A wretched mother of vultures, for whom, like *TITUS*, she produces new entrails only to be devoured.

THE papers called *the Examiners*, at least those of which the Dean is the author, fill up the rest of the volume. They begin in *November* 1710, and they are carried down to the end of *July* 1711. They are written in defence of the new administration, and the

particular revolutions at court which had introduced the Earl of OXFORD, and had displaced the Earl of GODOLPHIN and his friends.

MANY of the Dean's *Examiners* are personally aimed at the General*. In a free country, the power of a general is always to be feared. The greater his military capacity, or the more successful his arms, in the greater danger are the liberties of the people. On this maxim the Dean proceeded; and while he was writing in defence of the common-wealth, he had an opportunity of giving a loose to his own severity, of which *the house of Pride*, and several other allegorical essays are very spirited examples.

BUT I am fettered in my animadversions on these papers. The present times, and the honour which I bear to many noble families, descended from persons mentioned in *the Examiners*, make me willing to take as slight notice as possible even of the wittiest passages in those papers, because many of those passages arise from personal reflections, or party sarcasms. In general, the several points relating to the national debt (alas! how increased since the year 1710) the too long continuance of the war, and other public topics of complaint, are melancholy truths, justly becoming the pen of a man who loves his country.

WITHIN these last forty years, the political treatises have been so numerous, so various, so local, and so temporary, that each new pamphlet has succeeded its predecessor, like a youthful son to an ancient father amidst a multiplicity of followers, admirers, and dependants, whilst the antiquated Sire having *strutted and foamed his hour upon the stage, is heard no more*, but lies silent, and almost entirely forgotten, except by a few friends and cotemporaries, who accidentally remember some of his just observations, or prophetic aphorisms, which they have lived to see accomplished. Thus has it fared with the EXAMINERS, the FREEHOLDERS, and the CRAFTSMAN: and the same fate will attend most writ-

* *The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.*

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ings of that sort, which being framed to serve particular views, fulfil the purport of their creation, and then perish: while works of a more liberal and diffusive kind are acceptable to all persons, and all times; and may assume to themselves, a certain prospect of surviving to the latest posterity.

WHEN a gentleman enters into the commerce of life, he will be obliged, in his own defence, to look into every thing that has been written upon political subjects. In *England*, a man cannot keep up a conversation without being well versed in politics. In whatever other point of learning he may be deficient, he certainly must not appear superficial in state affairs. He must chuse his party; and he must stick to the choice. *Non revocare gradum* must be his motto.

IF party, and the consequences of it had arisen to that height among the *Romans* and *Grecians*, as it has arisen of late years among the *English*, their poets would probably have added *her* to the three furies, and would have placed her in hell, as a fit companion for *TYSIPHONE*, *MEGARA*, and *ALECTO*, from whence, according to their description, she might have made excursions upon earth, only with an intention to destroy, confound, mislead, and disunite mankind.

IT is true, that all countries have their parties and their factions. But there is a certain contagious distemper of this sort; so peculiar to the *British* islands, that, I believe, it is unknown to every other part of the world. It encreases our natural gloom, and it makes us so averse to each other, that it keeps men off the best morals, and most social inclinations, in one continued state of warfare and opposition. Must not the source of this malady arise rather from the heart, than from the head? from the different operations of our passions, than of our reason?

*Furoræ cæcus, an rapit vis acrior,
An culpa?*

THE Dean, a man of violent passions, was, in consequence of those passions, violent in his party: but as
F 3 his

his capacity and genius were so extraordinary and extensive, even his party writings carry with them dignity and instruction: and in that light I wish all to read *the Examiners*, where they will find a nervous style, a clear diction, and great knowledge of the true landed interest of *England*.

SUCH a confusion, such a mixture of verse, prose, politics, letters, similes, wit, trifles, and *polite conversation*, are thrown into the sixth volume, that I know not in what manner to treat it, or what particular part to recommend to the Reader. The poetry, the similes, and the trifles are not worth attention. Of the letters, the two from the earl of PETERBOROUGH to Mr. POPE, are short, but excellent in their kind. The others, I mean those of the Dean, and of Mr. POPE, have much less merit, or at least are much less agreeable. Lord PETERBOROUGH's wit is easy and unaffected. At the time when he wrote those two letters, he had hung up his helmet, and his buckler, and was retired to his plough, wearied of courts, and disgusted with statesmen. He had made a most considerable figure in his day. His character was amiable and uncommon. His life was a continued series of variety. In his public and private conduct he differed from most men. He had visited all climates, but had staid in none. He was a citizen of the world. He conquered and maintained armies without money. His actions and expressions were peculiar to himself. He was of a vivacity superiour to all fatigue, and his courage was beyond any conception of danger. He verified, in many instances, whatever has been said of romantic heroes. He seems to have been fixed only in his friendships and moral principles. He had a most true regard and affection for SWIFT and POPE. The Dean, in a short copy of verses*, has described him in a particular manner, but so justly, that the four last stanzas will give a most perfect, and

* Vol. 2. Page 222.

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complete idea of lord PETERBOROUGH's person and military virtues,

- “ A *skeleton* in outward figure,
“ His meagre corps, though full of vigour,
“ Would halt behind him were it bigger.
“ So wonderful his expedition,
“ When you have not the least suspicion,
“ He's with you like an apparition.
“ Shines in all climates like a star,
“ In senates bold, and fierce in war,
“ A land commander, and a tar.
“ Heroic actions early bred in,
“ Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
“ But by his name-sake CHARLES of Sweden.

THE *public spirit of the Whigs* is a pamphlet in answer to the *Crisis* written by RICHARD STEEL, but it contains such acute satyr against the nobility of Scotland, that in an advertisement printed before it, we are told, “ *All the Scotch lords then in London, went in a body to complain against the author, and the consequence of that complaint was a proclamation, offering a reward of three hundred pounds to discover him.*” It was written in the year 1712, by the consent, if not the encouragement of the ministers of that æra. In the style and conduct, it is one of the boldest, as well as one of the most masterly tracts that SWIFT ever wrote. And I cannot help again observing, that on whatever topic he employs his pen, the subject which he treats of, is always so excellently managed, as to seem to have been the whole study and application of his life: so that he appears, the greatest master through a greater variety of materials, than perhaps have been discussed by any other author.

THE *bishop of Salisbury* [Dr. BURNET] is the next antagonist whom the Dean attacks in single combat. I can give no better idea of this work, than by a quotation from the tract itself, which is called,

called, *A preface to the bishop of Salisbury's introduction to the third volume of the history of the reformation of the church of England.* Towards the latter end of the pamphlet * SWIFT says,

" However be [THE BISHOP] thanks GOD, there
 " are many among us who stand in the breach :
 " I believe there may : it is a breach of their
 " own making, and they design to come forward,
 " and storm and plunder, if they are not driven
 " back. THEY MAKE THEMSELVES A WALL
 " FOR THEIR CHURCH AND COUNTRY. A SOUTH
 " wall, I suppose, for all the best fruit of the
 " church and country to be nailed on. Let us ex-
 " amine this metaphor. THE WALL OF OUR
 " CHURCH AND COUNTRY is built of those who
 " love the constitution in both. Our domestic ene-
 " mies undermine some parts of the WALL, and place
 " themselves in the BREACH; and then cry. WE
 " ARE THE WALL. We do not like such patch-
 " work; they build with untempered mortar; nor
 " can they ever cement with us, till they get bet-
 " ter materials; and better workmen: GOD keep
 " us from having our BREACHES made up with
 " such rubbish: THEY STAND UPON THE WATCH-
 " TOWER! They are indeed pragmatical enough to
 " do so; but who assigned them that post, to give
 " us false intelligence, to alarm us with false dan-
 " gers, and send us to defend one gate, while their
 " accomplices are breaking in at another? THEY CRY
 " TO GOD DAY AND NIGHT TO AVERT THE
 " JUDGEMENT OF POPERY, WHICH SEEMS TO
 " HASTEN TOWARDS US. " Then I affirm, they
 " are hypocrites by day, filthy dreamers by night.
 " When they cry unto Him, He will not hear them :
 " for they cry out against the plainest dictates of
 " their own conscience, reason and belief.

" But lastly, THEY LIE IN THE DUST, MOURN-
 " ING BEFORE HIM. Hang me if I believe that,
 " unless it be figuratively spoken. But, suppose it

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“ to be true, why do THEY LIE IN THE DUST ? because they love to raise it ; for what do they mourn ? why for power, wealth, and places. There let the enemies of the Queen, Monarcy, and the church lie, and mourn, and lick the DUST like SERPENTS, till they are truly sensible of their ingratitude, falsehood, disobedience, slander, blasphemy, sedition, and every evil work.”

I MUST follow the same method in forming the reader's idea of the next pamphlet, by a quotation cut of it, which happens to be the first paragraph. The title is, *The Presbyterians Plea of Merit in order to take off the Test impartially examined* : and the author begins in the true vein of wit and spirit, by saying, “ We have been told in the common news papers, that all attempts are to be made this sessions by the Presbyterians and their abettors, for taking off the Test ; as a kind of preparatory step to make it go down smoother in England. For, if once THEIR LIGHT WOULD SO SHINE, the papists, delighted with the blaze, would all come in, and dance about it. This I take to be a prudent method, like that of a discreet physician, who first gives a new medicine to a dog, before he prescribes it to a HUMAN CREATURE.” I have quoted this short passage for the style, as well as the matter ; and I dare say, even from hence, the reader will be confirmed in one general observation, that the Dean maintains and conducts his metaphors and allusions, with a justness particularly delicate and exact, and without the least stiffness, or affectation. I have already mentioned in what degree of contempt and hatred he held the dissenters, especially the presbyterians : and I need only add, that as this pamphlet was written for the meridian of *Ireland*, it ought to have been placed with the other tracts on the same subject.

THE subsequent pamphlet is, *Advice offered to the members of the October club*. It was written in the year 1711, and is so applicable to that particular time, that I shall not make any animadversions upon it. From political tracks, the true history of *England* is to be

be deduced: and if foreigners were to enter into that branch of reading, they might frame a more distinct notion of our legislature, and of our manners, than from more laboured and connected accounts of our constitution. In such a view, I am apt to think, that, at first sight, they must behold us a disunited, discontented, and seemingly an unsteady people: but I am certain, that, upon a more minute disquisition, they must find in us a fixed, and, I may say, an innate love of liberty, variegated, and perhaps sometimes erroneous in its progress, but constant and unwearied in the pursuit of that glorious end. What people upon earth can desire a more exalted, or a more distinguished character? To speak in the dialect of the heathen world, our errors are the errors of men, our principles are the principles of gods.

THE other pieces in this volume, except *The Remarks on the Barrier Treaty*, are not, in my mind, sufficiently striking to deserve much notice. Some of them are the *minutissimæ* of the Dean's writings, which, I believe, he would scarce have published, fond as he was of seeing his works in print, if he had been in the full vigour of his understanding, or had considered, that those kind of trifles, which are weak as feathers, in supporting a reputation, are heavy as lead, in depressing it.

THE seventh volume contains SWIFT's epistolary correspondence, from the year 1714 to the year 1737, and, as it is an acknowledged observation, that no part of an author's writings give a greater insight into his natural disposition than his letters (especially when written with freedom and sincerity) I shall endeavour to point out such circumstances in the Dean's epistles, and in the answer of his friends, as may afford materials to form conjectures upon the different characters, not only of *the Dean*, but of his correspondents. From the preceding part of this work, the reader probably may become acquainted with Dr SWIFT, but the manners and opinions of those persons with whom he corresponded, are in every respect so blended with his own, as not to be easily separated, and in such a

kind

kind of united view, they will mutually reflect light upon each other.

To a young man just entering into the world, the subject may prove of particular importance, as it may guide him, not only in the choice of his correspondents, but in his manner of writing to them.

THE freedom of the press is to be watched and defended with the most jealous eye. It is one of the chief articles of that great *Charter* of liberty to which the people of *England* are entitled: but as no human institution can be perfect, even this branch of liberty has its excrescences that might be pruned. I mean particularly that license, which of late has too much prevailed of publishing epistolary correspondences. Such a fashion, for I know not what else to call it, is extremely pernicious. At present, it satisfies the curiosity of the public; but for the future, it will tend to restrain that unsuspicious openness, which is the principal delight of writing to our friends. I am sorry to say by experience, that the letters which contain the most sincere, and perhaps hasty observations upon persons, times, and circumstances, are often reserved as treasures, and hoarded up, as misers hoard gold; like which, they lie concealed in cabinets and strong boxes for some time, till chancing to fall into the hands of an extravagant heir, or an injudicious executor, they are not only brought into light, but dispersed and exposed, so as to become the property of the whole world.

I own, I find myself under no small difficulty in discussing this volume of the Dean's letters. General criticisms will be attended with obscurity: and it would be tedious to consider them in their exact order. I shall endeavour therefore, to take a review only of what seems to deserve attention. Let us begin with the letters that passed between Dr. SWIFT and Mr. POPE. The correspondence had commenced in a very early part of Mr. POPE's life, and was carried on with scarce any interruption from the death of the queen. If we may judge of Mr. POPE from his works, his chief aim was to be esteemed a man of virtue. His
letters

letters are written in that style. His last volumes are all of the moral kind. He has avoided trifles, and consequently has escaped a rock which has proved very injurious to the Dean's reputation. He has given his imagination full scope, and yet has preserved a perpetual guard upon his conduct. The constitution of his body and mind might early incline him to habits of caution and reserve. The treatment which he met afterwards from an innumerable tribe of adversaries, confirmed those habits, and made him slower than the Dean in pronouncing his judgment upon persons and things. His prose writings are little less harmonious than his verse: and his voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that honest TOM SOUTHERNE used always to call him *the little nightingale*. His manners were delicate, easy, and engaging: and he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors. Pleasure dwelt under his roof, and elegance presided at his table. The Dean was of a different disposition: to his domestics he was passionate and churlish: to his equals and superiors rather an entertaining than a desirable companion. He told a story in an admirable manner: his sentences were short and perspicuous: his observations were piercing. He had seen the great world, and had profited much by his experience. He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendships, he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities. He generally spoke as he thought in all companies and at all times. I remember to have heard, that he dined once at a Lord Mayor's feast in *Dublin*, and was attacked and teized by an opulent, boisterous, half intoxicated 'Squire, who happened to sit next him: he bore the awkward railery for some time, and then on a sudden called out in a loud voice to the Mayor, "*My Lord, here is one of your bears at my shoulder, he has been worrying me this half hour, I desire you will order him to be taken off.*"

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"off." In these last particulars he differed widely from his friend POPE, who could stifle resentment, and wait with patience till a more distant, and perhaps a more seasonable hour of revenge. But notwithstanding the dissimilitude of minds and manners, which was apparent between these two great men, yet the same sort of friendship seems to have subsisted between them, as between VIRGIL and HORACE. The mutual affection of the two English poets appears throughout their works: and therefore in this place, I cannot avoid taking notice of a report very industriously spread, and not without some degree of success, "That the friendship between POPE and SWIFT was not so firm and perfect at the latter end, as at the beginning of their lives." On the Dean's side, I am certain, it ever remained unalterable: nor did it appear less fervent on the side of Mr. POPE. Their letters are the best evidence to determine the doubt. In one of the Dean's latest letters to a nobleman, not long before he was lost to all human comforts, he says, "*When you see my dear friend POPE, tell him I will answer his letter soon; I love him above all the rest of mankind.*" POPE, never wrote to the same nobleman, without the kindest mention of the Dean: and the tenderest anxiety for his state of health. Judge by the following paragraphs. The first, dated July the 12th, 1737.

My Lord, The pleasure you gave me, in acquainting me of the Dean's better health, is one so truly great, as might content even your own humanity: and whatever my sincere opinion and respect of your Lordship prompts me to wish from your hands for myself, your love for him makes me as happy. Would to God my weight, added to your's, could turn his inclinations to this side, that I might live to enjoy him here thro' your means, and flatter myself 'twas partly thro' my own! But this, I fear, will never be the case; and I think it more probable, his attraction will draw me on the other side, which, I protest, nothing less than a probability of dying at sea, considering the weak frame of my breast, would have hindered

dered me from, two years past. In short, whenever I think of him, 'tis with the vexation of all impotent passions that carry us out of ourselves only to spoil our quiet, and make us return to a resignation, which is the most melancholy of all virtues. And in another letter, dated April 2, 1738, he says, I write by the same post that I received your very obliging and humane letter. The consideration you shew towards me, in the just apprehension that any news of the Dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. The very last post I writ to him a long letter, little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fearing his health, that I was proposing schemes, and hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it; and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me (even when she is shaking my weak frame to pieces) to be willing to leave this world, when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to preserve to this wretched age a relique and example of the last. One more quotation, and I have done. TWITNAM, November 7. When you get to Dublin, (whether I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible) pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly I love, and how greatly I honour him: how greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friendship; how much I resolve to give the best I can of my esteem for him to posterity; and assure him the world has nothing in it I admire so much, nothing, the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtues.

My reason for having inserted these scraps of letters, is my real desire of convincing the world, that the affection of SWIFT and POPE subsisted as entire and uninterrupted as their friends could wish, or their enemies regret. It must be owned, that we as seldom see a mutual attachment between poets, as between statesmen. "True friendship, as TULLY ob-

" serves, proceeds from a reciprocal esteem, and a
" virtuous

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“virtuous resemblance of manners.” When such is the basis, the variety in certain tenets and opinions is of no ill consequence to the union: and will scarce ever unloose the social ties of love, veneration, and esteem. Thus the friendship between ATTICUS and HORTENSIVS, although they were of different sects, one a Stoic, and the other an Epicurean, subsisted like Mr. Pope’s and the Dean’s, firm and constant to the last; when that of ANTHONY, LEPIDUS, and AUGUSTUS, continued no longer than while it was subservient to their views of interest. CATILINE says, *Idem velle, ac idem nolle, ea demum amicitia est.* This often attends a vitious conspiracy; and perhaps an agreement so perfectly mutual, is scarce to be met with in any other instance. Emulation generally breaks the chain of friendship between poets. They are running with the utmost eagerness to the same goal; no wonder, if, in the race, they endeavour to trip up each other’s heels.

As I have often reverted in my mind, certain particulars relating to those two poetical friends, I have always thought, that the circumstance of their pursuing different roads in poetry, and living in different kingdoms, was probably one of the happiest incidents in their lives. Such a separation prevented all personal dissensions, and fixed them in a correspondence, that constantly tended to establish their endearments; when, perhaps, a residence near each other, might have had a very contrary effect. It is much easier to rectify any mistake, or to cool any animosity that might have arisen, in a letter, than to recal a passionate verbal answer, especially if uttered with all the actions, and vehemence of anger. The impression of such a scene remains long upon the mind of the person offended, and the old adage is transposed, *Vox audita manet, litera scripta perit.* Few men can submit to contradiction. The Dean was certainly not of the number, and therefore I am persuaded, that his distance from his *English* friends, proved a strong incitement to their mutual affection. But, I must again repeat, that throughout the long series of

MEMOIRS of

letters which have been published, not the least alterations appear to have happened between SWIFT and POPE.

IN all the Dean's writings, we may find his own peculiar vein of humour. The same liberty of expression would be improper and absurd in any other writer, but it produced the consequences which he desired. His seeming arrogance gained him more favour than the humility, and affected benevolence of others. His railery and freedom of censure, are conveyed in a manner more prevalent, and perhaps often more agreeable than flattery. He seldom praised, but where merit was conspicuous. A single stroke of his pen pleased more, and gave more honour, than a long flattering dedication from any other author. His style was masterly, correct, and strong: never diffusive, yet always clear; and, if we consider it in comparison with his predecessors, he has outdone them all, and is one, perhaps the chief, of those few select *English* writers, who have excelled in elegance and propriety of language.

LORD BACON is the first author, who has attempted any style that can be relishable to the present age; for I must own to you, that I think SWIFT, and his contemporaries, have brought our language to the utmost degree of perfection, without the help of a LONGINUS, a QUINTILIAN, or even of a dictionary, or a grammar. Lord BACON has written with an infinite fund of knowledge: every science that he treats upon, is discussed by him with the greatest learning and dignity, and he shews himself at once a philosopher, an historian, a politician, and a divine: but his dialect (for, that demands our present attention,) is quibbling and deparantic; and never more so than when he condescends to flatter his royal master, and the minions of that court.

To return more closely to the Dean. He has perfectly studied the drama of human life, and particularly the tendencies and irregularities of its different characters. He has chosen, to recommend virtue, by

representing vice in a disagreeable and ridiculous light. As his temper was naturally full of acrimony, a certain innate severity runs throughout all his letters. You will find him, in the advice, which he offers to his friends, and in the general account which he gives of his own conduct, too close an economist. This parsimony proceeded from a desire of being independent: and since that was the cause, he will be forgiven, or, at least, excused by all honest men.

MR. POPE had different talents from his friend SWIFT: his imagination was fine and delicate: his fancy was ever on the wing. In his earlier time of life, his way of thinking was diffusive, and consequently his judgment was unconfounded. As that judgment ripened with years, he shewed the full strength of it in his *Ethic Epistles*, and his *Essay on Man*. There the poet has almost yielded to the philosopher; and his moral system has charmed more by the force of truth and reason, than even by the numbers with which he adorned it.

I CANNOT avoid thinking, that, in this particular branch of learning, Mr. POPE owed the exertion of his talents to lord BOLINGBROKE, who had studied the procedure, and limits of the human understanding, as exactly as the Dean had considered the irregularities of the passions in different characters of the human species. Lord BOLINGBROKE had early made himself master of books and men: but, in his first career of life, being immersed at once in business and pleasure, he ran thorough a variety of scenes in a surprising and excentric manner. When his passions subsided by years and disappointments, and when he improved his rational faculties by more grave studies and reflections, he shone out in his retirement with a lustre peculiar to himself; though not seen by vulgar eyes. The gay statesman was changed into a philosopher equal to any, of the sages of antiquity. The wisdom of SOCRATES, the dignity and ease of PLINY, and the wit of HORACE, appeared in all his writings and conversation.

THERE is a long letter from Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE, dated at *Dublin January 10, 1721**, which deserves great attention, as it seems to furnish more materials of his life and principles, than any other of his epistolary writings. The letter breaths an air of sincerity and freedom, and is addressed to a particular friend at a time, when the views of ambition were at an end. It may therefore be considered as a confession of one departing from this world, who only is desirous to vindicate his own character, and is anxious that his ashes may rest in peace.

It was written immediately after the arbitrary conduct of a judge in *Ireland*, who endeavoured to destroy the freedom of juries, and consequently the very essence of that Liberty and safety, which we have a right to possess by the constitution of our state. The Dean very generously declares himself averse to all rigorous proceedings against persons suspected of problematical guilt. “*By such strict enquiries, says he, a gate is left open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, prostitute, and abandoned race that God ever permitted to plague mankind.*” Upon this subject I cannot avoid recollecting some particulars from a book, which has lately given me great delight and instructions, and which I recommend very warmly. I mean *L’Esprit de Loix*. The author of that book, MONSIEUR DE MONTESQUIEU observes, “*that informers have been chiefly encouraged under the most tyrannical governments. in the reign of TIBERIUS triumphal ornaments were conferred upon them, and statues erected to their honour. In the reign of NERO, upon the discovery and punishment of a pretended conspiracy, triumphal dignities were allotted to TYEPILIANUS, Cocceius NERVA, and TIGILLINUS.*” In another part of this book, the BARON DE MONTESQUIEU takes notice, “*that in Turkey, where little regard is shewn to the honour, lives, or estates of the subject, all*

“ causes are determined by the presiding Bashaw :
 “ and in *Rome*, the judges had no more to do than
 “ to declare, that the person accused was guilty of a
 “ particular crime, and then the punishment was found
 “ in the laws.” From these, and other examples
 of arbitrary government, this elegant author takes a
 particular pleasure in distinguishing, and admiring the
 civil constitution of *England*, where, he says, “ the
 “ jury determine, whether the fact, brought under
 “ their cognizance, be proved or not, if it be proved,
 “ the judge pronounces the punishment inflicted by
 “ the law for such a particular fact : and for this, adds
 “ the BARON, he need only open his eyes.” But if
 MONSIEUR DE MONTESQUIEU had read the Dean’s
 letter, or indeed had recollected many notorious facts
 of our history, he must have observed, that the judges
 have been often deaf to the repeated voice of the jury,
 and have not only shut their eyes, against our excellent
 laws, but have assumed, “ that terrible and menacing
 “ air, which COMMODUS ordered to be given to his
 “ statues.”

THE method of trials by juries, is generally looked
 upon as one of the most excellent branches of our con-
 stitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light.
 According to the original establishment, the jurors are
 to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood :
 and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the par-
 ties concerned, that no reasonable exception can be made
 to them on either side. In treason the person accused has a
 right to challenge 35, and in felony 20, without shew-
 ing cause of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable.
 No prisoner can desire a fairer field. But the misfor-
 tune is, that our juries are often composed of men of
 mean estates, and low understandings, and many diffi-
 cult points of law are brought before them, and submit-
 ted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable
 of determining, properly and judiciously, such nice
 matters of justice, although the judges of the court
 explain the nature of the case, and the law which arises
 upon it. But, if they are not defective in knowledge,
 they are sometimes, I fear, from their station and in-
 digence,

digence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries; than to the institution itself. The point, most liable to objection, is the power, which any one, or more of the twelve, have to starve the rest into a compliance with their opinion; so that the verdict may possibly be given by strength of constitution, not by conviction of conscience: “*and wretches hang that jurymen may dine.*” All this bye the bye. Now let us return to SWIFT’s letter of the tenth of *January*.

IN it is most evidently displayed his immutable attachment to *Ireland*. Such a kind of patriotism must have proceeded from a true love of liberty; for he hated individuals, and despised most of the men of property and power in that kingdom: he owed them no obligations, and while by his writings he laboured to make their posterity happy, he forced from themselves an involuntary, but universal applause. His conduct was so uniform, and constant in the cause of *Ireland*, that he not only gained the praise, but the confidence of that whole nation, who are a people seldom, if ever, inclined to study and pursue their own interest, and who are always exceedingly apt to suspect any advice that is contrary, or in defiance to a ministerial direction.

THE Dean’s principles of government seem to have been founded upon that excellent maxim, *Salus populi suprema est lex*. He begins by clearing himself from Jacobitism. He speaks of the revolution as a necessary but dangerous expedient, which has since been attended with unavoidable bad consequences. He declares his mortal antipathy to standing armies in time of peace. He adores the wisdom of that institution which rendered our parliaments annual. He prefers the landed, to the monied interest, and expresses a noble abhorrence to the suspension of those laws, upon which the liberty of the subject depends. When these articles of his political tenets are examined, they will leave no room for any one particular party to assume the honour of having had him in their alliance. He was neither Whig nor Tory, neither Jacobite, nor Republican. He was DOCTOR SWIFT.

HIS

His judgment, in relation to the visible decay of literature and good sense, is perfectly just. He attributes this national calamity to the prevailing luxury of the times, which he instances in the encouragement of factions, and of several public diversions, all tending to the encrease of folly, ignorance, and vice. His sentiments are delivered more with the air of a philosopher than of a divine: and the conclusion of the letter is so proper, and so excellent a defence of his own manner of acting and thinking, that, in regard to his memory, I must be at the trouble of transcribing it.

" * *All I can reasonably hope for, says SWIFT, by this letter, is to convince my friends and others, who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject, nor so stupid an author, as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers, where malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions, which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been sowered by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words, and, if my genius and spirit be sunk by encreasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.*"

I HAVE chosen out this particular letter, as one of the most serious, and best performances that he has given us in the epistolary way. But, if I am to declare my opinion of the whole collection in the seventh volume, I own it has not answered my expectation. The index at the beginning might make one hope for great treasures, from the illustrious names that are there inserted: but, in the whole, one can scarce find any remarkable instructions of morality, or even the common reasonings and refinements that might

naturally arise from so high a class of men, in the ordinary current of their thoughts. What is more surprising, you will seldom discover any keen strokes of satyr, or any instantaneous sallies of vivacity. The Dean has been heard to say, "*When I sit down to write a letter, I never lean upon my elbow, till I have finished it.*" By which expression he meant, that he never studied for particular phrases, or polished paragraphs: his letters therefore are the truer representations of his mind. They are written in the warmth of his affections, and when they are considered in the light of kindness and sincerity, they illustrate his character to a very high degree. Throughout his various correspondence you will discover very strong marks of an anxious, benevolent friend: and, to my great pleasure, I find the misanthrope often lost in the good-natured man. His letters to Mr. GAY, to Dr. SHERRIDAN, farther confirm me in that opinion; we may compound therefore to lose satyr and railery, when we gain humanity and tenderness in their stead: yet, even in some of his highest scenes of benevolence, his expressions are delivered in such a manner, as to seem rather the effects of haughtiness than of good nature: but we must never look upon him as a traveller in the common road. He must be viewed thro' a *camera obscura* that turns all objects the contrary way. When he appears most angry, he is most pleased*; when most humble, he is most assuming†. Such was the man, and in such variegated colours must he be painted.

THE letters from Lord BOLINGBROKE, which are inserted in this collection, are written with an elegance and politeness that distinguish them from all the rest. We see they were not intended for the press, but how valuable are the most careless strokes of such a pen?

* See his letters to GAY, and to the Dutches of Queensborough, in Vol. VII.

† See his letter to Lord PALMERSTON, Vol. VIII. Page 373.

GAY's letters have nothing in them striking or commendatory. His sentiments are those of an honest, indolent, good natured man. He loved the Dean to a degree of veneration: and the friendship was returned with great sincerity. SWIFT writes to him in the same strain as he would have written to a son: and seems to distinguish him as the correspondent to whom he has not the least grain of reserve. In the several accounts which he gives of his situation at *Dublin*, and the idle manner of his passing his time there, he writes sometimes in an ironical, and sometimes in a contrary style. But, in one of his letters, dated *August 26, 1731* ||, he tells GAY, "that the most arrant trifles of his former writings are serious philosophical lubrications, in comparison to what he now busies himself about;" and his conclusive words are, "*As the world may one day see.*" By this desire of *letting the world see* what other men of less wit and more discretion, would carefully have concealed, he has placed himself open to the censure of his enemies, and beyond the reach of any defence from his friends. He has not only committed to the press a most despicable heap of writings, but has publicly recorded the lowest amusements of his private scenes of life, without having once suspected, that persons, whose stations, or abilities, have fixed them in a conspicuous attitude, are looked upon by the rest of mankind with a very critical, and a very envious eye. *ACUSTUS*, was a little ashamed to be discovered at a game of cobnuts; and even *DOMITRAN* was cunning enough to withdraw into his closet to catch flies. Great minds, you will say, require to be often unbent. I allow it; but those relaxations might be chosen, so as to make idleness appear in a beautiful light: and the Dean would have forfeited a less degree of fame by playing many years at push-pin, (the records of which he could not have printed) than by composing various kinds of pieces

which, by his own option, have been honoured with a place in his works, I SHOULD have been much pleased, in finding some of Dr. ARBUTHNOT's letters among this collection. Although he was justly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the excellence of his heart. He has shewed himself equal to any of his cotemporaries in humour and vivacity: and he was superior to most men in acts of humanity and benevolence: his very sarcasms are the satirical strokes of good nature; they are like flaps of the face given in jest; the effects of which may raise blushes, but no blackness will appear after the blows. He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon BACCHUS, but continues as sober and considerate as a disciple of SOCRATES. He is seldom serious, except in his attacks upon vice, and then his spirit rises with a manly strength, and a noble indignation. His epitaph upon CHARTRES §, (allowing one small alteration, the word *permitted*, instead of *connived at*) is a compleat, and a masterly composition in its kind. No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life: a merit still more to his honour, as the ambitious powers of wit and genius are seldom submissive enough to confine themselves within the limitations of morality. In his letter to Mr. POPE *, written, as it were, upon his death-bed, he discovers such a noble fortitude of mind at the approach of his dissolution, as could only be inspired by a clear conscience, and the calm retrospect of an uninterrupted series of virtue. The DEAN † laments the loss of him with a pathetic sincerity, "*The death of Mr. GAY and the DOCTOR ||, (says he to Mr. POPE) have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I*

§ See POPE's WARBURTON, Vol. III. Page 219.

* See again POPE by WARBURTON, Vol. VIII. Letter XLVII.

† SWIFT's Works, Vol. VII. Letter LXX.

|| Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

"should

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“ *should never have seen them; like a sum of money
“ in a bank, from which I should receive at least an-
“ nual interest, as I do from you, and have done from*
“ *LORD BOLINGBROKE.*” I have chosen this last quo-
tation, not more in honour of the Dean’s tenderness
and affection to those whom he esteemed, than with a
design of specifying as fine a groope of friends *,
as have appeared since the Augustan age. As their
letters were not intended for the public, perhaps I
was unreasonable in looking for medals, and not being
contented with the common current species. In our
prejudices of favour or aversion we are apt to be de-
ceived by names: nor can it be doubted, that such
writers might have furnished us with familiar letters,
very different from those, which have been collected
in this seventh volume. They are filled indeed (espe-
cially in the correspondence between SWIFT and POPE)
with the strongest expressions of mutual esteem; but
those expressions are repeated too often. When friend-
ship has subsisted so long, that time cannot encrease,
nor words improve it, the commerce of affection be-
tween friends ought to be carried on in a style that
neither sinks below politeness, nor rises into forced com-
pliments. I cannot avoid observing the epistolary con-
ciseness that was in fashion among the antients, espe-
cially their conclusive sentences, [*vale. Or again, Si
valeas bene est, valeo:*] which I own seems preferable
to our method of loading every letter with compliments,
not only to wives and children, but to uncles, aunts,
and cousins: and of consequence, every relation, that
is not particularly named, is particularly affronted. It
will appear too minute a criticism to affirm, that the
English language is not well adapted for epistolary
writings: be that as it may, it is certainly inferior to
the *French*, which engages, and perhaps improves
us by a successive flow of phrases that are peculiar to
that nation.

* *LORD BOLINGBROKE, SWIFT, POPE, ARBUTH-
NOT, GAY.*

It is scarce possible to know in what manner to comment upon the last volume of the Dean's works. A general confusion and disorder runs throughout the whole; and one of the first pieces, is, what ought to have been the last, the Dean's *Will*: which, like all his other writings, is drawn up in his own peculiar manner. Even in so serious a composition, he cannot help indulging himself, in leaving legacies that carry with them an air of raillery and jest. He disposes of his three hats (his best, his second best, and his third best beaver) with an ironical solemnity, that renders the bequests ridiculous. He bequeaths "to Mr. JOHN GRATTAN, a silver box, to keep in it, the tobacco which the said JOHN usually chewed, called pigtail." But, his legacy to Mr. ROBERT GRATTAN is still more extraordinary. "Item I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. ROBERT GRATTAN, Prebendary of St. Audeon's, my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother, Dr. JAMES GRATTAN, during the life of the said Doctor, who hath more occasion for it." These are so many last impressions of his turn, and way of thinking: and I dare say, the persons thus distinguished, look upon these instances, as affectionate memorials of his friendship, and as tokens of the jocular manner, in which he had treated them during his life time.

HIS monumental inscription, written by himself, and inserted at the beginning of his *Will*, may confirm the observation which I made in a former part of this work, that he was not an elegant writer of *Latin*. An harsher epitaph has seldom been composed. It is scarce intelligible, and if intelligible, is a proof how difficult a task it is, even for the greatest genius, to draw his own character, or to represent himself and his actions in a proper manner to posterity.

I AM now drawing towards the last scene of his life. The total deprivation of his senses came upon him by degrees. In the year 1736, he was seized with a violent fit of giddiness; and was at that time writing a satirical poem, called *the Legion Club*, but he

he found the effects of his giddiness so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished; and never afterwards attempted a composition of any length either in verse or prose. However, his conversation still remained the same; lively and severe; but his memory gradually grew worse: and as that decreased and was impaired, he appeared every day more fretful and impatient. From the year *thirty-nine* to the latter end of the year *forty-one*, his friends found his passions so violent and ungovernable, his memory so decayed, and his reason so depraved, that they took the utmost precautions to keep all strangers from approaching him: for, till then, he had not appeared totally incapable of conversation: but early in the year *forty-two*, the small remains of his understanding became entirely confused, and the violence of his rage encreased absolutely to a degree of madness. In this miserable state, he seemed to be appointed as the first proper inhabitant for his own hospital: especially as from an outrageous lunatic, he sunk afterwards into a quiet, speechless idiot; and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation. He died towards the latter end of *October 1745*. The manner of his death was easy, without the least pang or convulsion. Even the rattling in his throat was scarce sufficient to give any alarm to his attendants, till within some very little time before he expired. A man in full possession of his reason, would have wished for such a kind of dissolution, but the Dean was totally insensible of happiness or pain: he had not even the power or expression of a child, appearing, for some years before his death, reserved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverse that fine description of human nature, which is given us by SHAKESPEARE in an inimitable manner:

"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason!
"how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how
"express and admirable! in action, how like an angel!
"in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the
"world, the paragon of animals." Thus poets paint; but how vain and perishable is the picture? The

smallest thunderbolt from heaven blasts it in a moment, and every tinct is so effectually obliterated, that scarce the outlines of the figure remain.

THE Dean certainly foresaw his fate. His frequent attacks of giddiness, and his manifest defect of memory gave room for such apprehensions. He often lamented the state of childhood, and idiotism, to which some of the greatest men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, and Lord SOMERS: and when he cited these melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that shewed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died.

UNLESS I am misinformed, he died worth about twelve thousand pounds, inclusive of the specific legacies mentioned in his will, and which may be computed at the sum of twelve hundred pounds; so that the remainder, near eleven thousand pounds, is entirely applicable to the hospital for idiots and lunatics: a charitable foundation, particularly beneficial in these kingdoms, where the epidemic distemper of lunacy is so prevalent, that it will constantly furnish the largest building with a sufficient number of inhabitants.

LUNACY may in general be considered as arising from a depraved imagination, and must therefore be originally owing to a fault in the body, or the mind. We see instances every day, where in fevers, all the powers of sense and reason are utterly overturned by a raging madness; this frenzy conquers, or is conquered soon: but, from more slow and chronical causes, such obstructions may be formed, as gradually to produce various degrees of this disorder, and to remain invincible to the very last moments of life. Nothing more strongly disposes the mind to this depraved state, than too fixed an attention to any particular object. Mr. LOCKE, if my memory does not deceive me, defines madness as arising from some particular

particular idea, or set of ideas, that make so strong an impression upon the mind as to banish all others: and the persons affected are chearful, or melancholy, well-tempered, or fierce, according as the objects and ideas of their minds are different. From hence it is evident, that we ought to consider the strength of the mind even in the pursuit of knowledge, and often to vary our ideas by exercise and amusements; constantly fixing a strict guard against any passion, that may be prevalent in too high a degree, or may acquire an habitual strength and dominion over us. Passions are the gales of life; and it is our part to take care, that they do not rise into a tempest.

LOVE, with all its charms, must be restrained within proper bounds, otherwise it will torture that breast which it was formed to delight. Love contains within itself, a variety of other passions, and lays such a foundation of madness in the mind, that the frenzy, in this particular case, never fails to appear in its full force, and to display itself in all its strength of horror.

RELIGION, which can only make the mind happy, and is our surest and best defence against the passions, if considered in a wrong and melancholy view, has often perverted the seat of reason, and given more inhabitants to *Bedlam* than any other cause. A religious lunatic is miserable, even to the deepest tortures of despair.

THE miser, whom I must always rank among madmen, heaps up gold with an anxiety that affects his looks, his appetite, and his sleep. The wretch dreads poverty in the center of plenty; and starves, only because he dares not taste those fruits which appear most agreeable to his desires.

IN some other species of madness, the persons affected are really more happy than in their senses, and it is almost a crime to banish the agreeable delusion; the case of the citizen of *Argos*, who, after a salutiferous dose of hellebore, cried out,

*Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis (ait) cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*

SUCH again would be the case of the beau of *Bedlam*, who, amidst darkness and confinement, still retains his pride and self-admiration: dresses himself up in straw instead of embroidery, and when suffered to go to the window, imagines that he captivates every female, who chances to pass through *Moor-fields*. Is not such a man happier in his madness, than in his senses?

To specify the many different classes of madmen would be endless. They are innumerable: so that it is almost a rare felicity to enjoy *mens sana in corpore sano*. Some men have owed their reputation and success in the world to a tincture of madness, while others, merely from a superior understanding, have been ranked among lunatics: of the latter sort, HIPPOCRATES (whom I look upon as a classic author, as well as a physician) gives a remarkable instance in one of his letters. He says, he was sent for by the people of *Abdera* to cure DEMOCRITUS of madness, but, to his surprise, he found him the wisest man of the age, and, by his laughing manner of talking and reasoning, he almost convinced HIPPOCRATES, that all the rest of the world, except DEMOCRITUS, were mad. It is not improbable, that madness has been coæval with mankind. There have certainly been many instances of it among the *Greeks* and *Romans*: among the *Jews*, the enthusiastic fury of SAUL is equally remarkable with the extatic rage of NEBUCHADNEZZAR: nor have any parts of the world, I believe, entirely escaped this raging evil. It was frequently mistaken for inspiration, and the prophetic Sybils were obliged to put on the airs and looks of madness, to obtain an implicit belief to their prophecies. From these sacerdotal impositions, mad people reaped some remarkable advantages. They were often looked upon as messengers sent by heaven,

ven, to declare the will of the gods, and the prophetic decrees of fate: they were revered as persons sacred and divine; and, instead of scourges, they received tokens of adoration. In how great a degree must the subtlety of priests have prevailed, when they could make one of the greatest curses that attends human life, appear one of the greatest blessings?

LUNATICS are so called from the influence which the moon has over bodies, when its attractive power is greatest, by which means the pressure of the atmosphere being lessened, the humours of the body are more rarefied, and produce a greater plenitude in the vessels of the brain. This has been illustrated by the good and learned Dr. MEAD, in his treatise *De imperio lune et solis*; and I have particularly observed, that in the last book *, which he published, he takes notice in his chapter *de Insania*, "that the blood of such persons, who have been most liable to this malady, was thick and fizy, and upon dissection, their brain always appeared dry, and their vessels filled with black sluggish blood:" from whence, perhaps, we may, in some measure, account for the principal source of the Dean's lunacy: his countenance being dark, bilious and gloomy, and his eyes sometimes fixed and immoveable for a long time. HORACE, I remember, attributes the madness of ORESTES, to a physical cause, where he says,

vocando

Hanc furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis.

So that diseases, formed originally in the mind, often bring on this disorder, and by degrees affect the body; especially in such constitutions as have any tendency to this distemper. But, what can be the reason, that it is so remarkably epidemical in these kingdoms? I am inclined to believe, that it must be owing to the grossness of our food, and to our immo-

* Entitled, *Monita & præcepta medica.*

derate use of spirituous liquors: the one frequently causing the deepest melancholy, the other the most unlimited rage.

THE melancholy case of the Dean, has, I find, seduced me into a long digression. But to talk on the melancholy effects of madness, I must observe in general, that temperance, exercise, philosophy, and true religion, are the surest means to make men happy, and to preserve them from a contagious malady, to which the inhabitants of these kingdoms are unfortunately liable.

A STATE of idiotism is less deplorable, not less shocking than that of madness. Idiots are afflicted with no turbulent passions, they are innocent and harmless, and often excite pity, but never occasion fear. The proverb tells us, *they are the favourites of fortune*: but, I suppose, it alludes only to those fools, who can number twenty rightly, and can tell the days of the week; and alas! those are idiots in the eye of the law. The absolute naturals owe their wretchedness to a wrong formation in their brain, or to accidents in their birth, or the dregs of fevers and other violent distempers. The last was the Dean's case, according to the account of the following letters from two of his relations, Mrs. WHITEWAY, and SWIFT.

Dublin, November 22, 1742.

THE easy manner, in which you reproach me for not acquainting you with the poor Dean's situation, lays a fresh obligation upon me; yet mean as an excuse is for a fault, I shall attempt one to your Lordship, and only for this reason, that you may not think me capable of neglecting any thing you could command me. I told you in my last letter, the Dean's understanding was quite gone; and I feared the farther particulars would only shock the tenderness of your nature, and the melancholy scene make your heart ach, as it has often done mine. I was the last person whom he knew, and when that part of his memory failed, he was so outrageous at seeing

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seeing any body, that I was forced to leave him, nor could he rest for a night or two after seeing any person: so that all the attendance which I could pay him, was calling twice a week to enquire after his health, and to observe that proper care was taken of him, and durst only look at him while his back was towards me, fearing to discompose him. He walked ten hours a day, would not eat or drink if his servant staid in the room. His meat was served up ready cut, and sometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would touch it, and then eat it walking. About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the lid Mr. NICHOLS (his surgeon) thought would mortify, and many large boils appeared upon his arms and body. The torture he was in, is not to be described. Five persons could scarce hold him for a week, from tearing out his own eyes: and, for near a month, he did not sleep two hours in twenty-four: yet a moderate appetite continued: and what is more to be wondered at, the last day of his illness, he knew me perfectly well, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and shewed the same pleasure as usual in seeing me. I asked him, if he would give me a dinner? He said, to be sure, my old friend. Thus he continued that day, and knew the Doctor and Surgeon, and all his family so well, that Mr. NICHOLS thought it possible he might return to a share of understanding, so as to be able to call for what he wanted, and to bear some of his old friends to amuse him. But alas! this pleasure to me was but of short duration; for the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had roused him. He is now free from torture: his eye almost well; very quiet, and begins to sleep, but cannot, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk a turn about his room: and yet in this way the Physicians think he may hold out for some time. I am, &c.

M. WHITEWAY.

Dublin,

Dublin, April 4, 1744.

AS to the story of O poor old man! I enquired into it. The Dean did say something upon his seeing himself in the glass, but neither Mrs. RIDGEWAY, nor the lower servants, could tell me what it was he said. I desired them to recollect it, by the time when I should come again to the deanery. I have been there since, they cannot recollect it. A thousand stories have been invented of him within these two years, and imposed upon the world. I thought this might have been one of them: and yet I am now inclined to think, there may be some truth in it: for on Sunday the 17th of March, as he sat in his chair, upon the housekeeper's moving a knife from him, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged his shoulders, and, rocking himself, said, I am what I am, I am what I am: and, about six minutes afterwards, repeated the same words two or three times over.

His servant shaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a week: but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with scissars.

Sometimes he will not utter a syllable: at other times he will speak incoherent words: but he never yet, as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing.

About four months ago, he gave me great trouble: he seemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would say, I told him, I came to dine with him, and immediately his housekeeper, Mrs. RIDGEWAY, said, Won't you give Mr. SWIFT a glass of wine, Sir? he shrugged his shoulders, just as he used to do when he had a mind that a friend should spend the evening with him. Shrugging his shoulders, your Lordship may remember, was as much as to say, "You'll ruin me in wine." I own, I was scarce able to bear the sight. Soon after, he endeavoured with a good deal of pain, to find words to speak to me: at last, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy sigh, and, I think, was afterwards ent. This puts me in mind of what he said about five days

days ago. He endeavoured several times to speak to his servant (now and then he calls him by his name) at last, not finding words to express what he would be at, after some uneasiness, he said, "I am a fool." Not long ago, the servant took up his watch that lay upon the table to see what o'clock it was, he said, "Bring it here :—" and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it : some time ago, the servant was breaking a large stubborn coal, he said, "That's a stone, you blockhead."

In a few days, or some very short time, after guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining room, where he was walking, I said something to him very insignificant, I know not what ; but, instead of making any kind of answer to it, he said, "Go, Go," pointing with his hand to the door, and immediately afterwards, raising his hand to his head, he said, "My best understanding," and so broke off abruptly, and walked away.

I am, &c.

DEANE SWIFT.

NEITHER of these letters make the least mention of a deafness, that from time to time attacked the Dean, and rendered him extremely miserable. We find him complaining of this misfortune in several parts of his writings, especially in his letters (of the eighth volume) to Dr. SHERIDAN*. Possibly some internal pressure upon his brain might first have affected the auditory nerves, and then, by degrees, might have encreased, so as entirely to stop up that fountain of ideas, which had before spread itself in the most diffusive, and surprizing manner.

As there have some advantages accrued to madmen, I ought not to omit the honours that have been paid to fools. In former ages the courts of France and England were not thought compleatly embellished without a favourite idiot, who bore the title of the King's Jester, and who was as remarkably distinguished by a cap and bells, as his royal master was distinguished by a diadem and robes. This animal, like JUNIUS BRUTUS,

* See Vol. VIII. page 419.

frequently

frequently assumed the face and behaviour of folly, to answer his own particular views and advantages. His bluntness and simplicity recommended him in those places, where truths, if spoken by a man of sense, were disagreeable and dangerous. If he had not the honour, like BRUTUS, to save his country, at least he had the happiness to secure himself: and his expressions were often so full of humour and sarcasm, that, to this day, they are recorded as pieces of wit. Such was the famous reply of ARCHY to *King JAMES the first*, when his Majesty, amidst all his wisdom, was sufficiently inspired with folly, to send his only son into *Spain*. But, fools at present are no longer admired in courts, or, if they are, they appear there without their cap and bells.

AND now, to quit reflections, that tend in general rather to terrify, than to improve our understanding, let me observe, in honour of the Dean, that his establishment of an hospital for idiots and lunatics, is remarkably generous: as the unhappy persons, who receive the benefit, must, for ever, remain insensible of their benefactor.

The Directions to Servants, which is the tract immediately following the Dean's *Will*, is imperfect and unfinished. The editor tells us, that a preface and a dedication were to have been added to it. I think it was not published till after the Dean's death; but I remember the manuscript handed about, and much applauded in his life time. To say the most that can be offered in its favour, the tract is written in so facetious a kind of low humour, that it must please many readers: nor is it without some degree of merit, by pointing out with an amazing exactness (and what in a less trivial case must have been called judgment) the faults, blunders, tricks, lyes, and various knaveries of domestic servants. How much time must have been employed in putting together such a work? What an intenseness of thought must have been bestowed upon the lowest, and most slavish scenes of life? It is one of those compositions, that the utmost strength of wit can scarce sustain from sinking. A man of the Dean's exalted genius ought constantly to have soared into higher regions.

regions. He ought to have looked upon persons of inferior abilities as children whom nature had appointed him to instruct, encourage, and improve. Superior talents seem to have been intended by providence as public benefits, and the person, who possesses such blessings, is certainly answerable to heaven for those endowments, which he enjoys above the rest of mankind. Let him jest with dignity, and let him be ironical upon useful subjects: leaving poor slaves to *beat their porridge*, or *drink their small beer* in such vessels as they shall find proper*. The Dean, it seems, had not this way of thinking: and having long indulged his passions, at last perhaps mistook them for his duty. The mistake, is neither extraordinary nor surprising. In points of religion it has carried men into great extravagancies; in those of morality, into no less; but in politics, into the greatest of all. Our inclinations are so apt to hurry us into inconsiderate actions, that we are afterwards inclined to flatter ourselves they are right, only because they have proceeded from our own thoughts and directions. Thus the Dean, when he had once established the rule of *Vive la bagatelle*, was resolved to pursue it at all hazards. I wish his thoughts had taken another turn. The lower classes of mankind, pass on unnoticed, the great, only are censured; they therefore ought to be particularly attentive to every step they take. The Dean should have known himself, as *Rex idem hominum Pæbique sacerdos*, and should have remembered, that kings and priests are extremely liable to be censured. Poor SWIFT! why did he sink below himself before he was deprived of reason? Let us forgive him that error, and draw a veil of oblivion over certain excrescencies of wit and humour, and admire him, as an honour to the public, and a scourge to all the knaves and fools of his time.

THREE pamphlets, relating to *Ireland*, successively follow the *Direction to servants*. The first is entitled, *Reasons humbly offered to the Parliament of Ireland, for repealing the Sacramental Test in favour of the Catho-*

* See Vol. VIII. page 8.

lics : The second, *Some Reasons against the Bill for settling the Tythe of Hemp, Flax, &c. by a Modus* : The third, *Some farther Reasons against the bill for settling the Tythe of Hemp, Flax, &c.* The subject matter of these pamphlets may perhaps be little worth consideration, but their style will always command attention. They are very much misplaced, and, in any more methodical edition of the Dean's works, ought to appear with such other pieces as have been composed by him against the dissenters. The first tract is written under the assumed character of a *Roman catholic*, by which means the author attacks his adversaries with a great advantage. He freely acknowledges the several atrocious crimes of the papists, but at the same time palliates them so skilfully, that, from that very acknowledgment, he enables himself to aim the heavier blows at the presbyterians. A paragraph extracted from the pamphlet will exemplify my meaning. "*We allow, says he,*
 " *the CATHOLICS to be BRETHREN of the Dissenters ;*
 " *some people, indeed (which we cannot allow) would*
 " *have them to be our children, because we both dissent*
 " *from the church established, and both agree in abolishing*
 " *this persecuting sacramental test ; by which NEGA-*
 " *TIVE DISCOURAGEMENT we are both rendered in-*
 " *capable of civil and military employments. However,*
 " *we cannot but wonder at the bold familiarity of these*
 " *schismatics, in calling the members of the national*
 " *church their BRETHREN and FELLOW PROTES-*
 " *TANTS. It is true, that all these sects (except the*
 " *CATHOLICS) are BRETHREN to each other in faction,*
 " *ignorance, iniquity, perverseness, pride, and (if we*
 " *except the the QUAKERS) in rebellion. But, how the*
 " *churchmen can be styled their FELLOW PROTES-*
 " *TANTS, we cannot comprehend. Because, when the*
 " *whole BABEL of sectaries joined against the Church,*
 " *the King, and the Nobility for twenty years, in a*
 " *MATCH AT FOOT BALL ; where the proser's expressly*
 " *tell us, that ALL ARE FELLOWS ; while the three*
 " *kingdoms were tossed to and fro, the churches and cities,*
 " *and royal palaces shattered to pieces by their BALLS,*
 " *their BUFFETS, and their KICKS ; the victors would*
 " *allow*

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"allow no more FELLOWS AT FOOTBALL : but
"murdered, sequestered, plundered, deprived, banished
"to the plantations, or enslaved all their opposers who
"had LOST THE GAME." The greatest art, and the
keenest strokes of irony display themselves throughout
the whole composition : and the conclusion of it is
drawn up with a mixture of serious and ironical argu-
ments that seem to defy all kinds of refutation.

THE two next pamphlets *for settling the Tythe of
Hemp &c. by a Modus* are entirely adapted to the clergy
of Ireland ; but there may be observed in those papers,
a greater fund of calmness, not a less degree of spirit,
than in many other of the Dean's political writings.

THE remainder of this volume is like a garden over-
run with docks, and thistles, among which some rose-
trees make their appearance, which only are the
productions of the Dean. The scythe of time,
or the weeding knife of a judicious editor, will
cut down the docks and thistles, but the beauty of
the roses will particularly appear in some sermons that
are curious ; and curious for such reasons, as would
make other works despicable. They were written in
a careless, hurrying manner, and were the offspring of
necessity, not of choice : so that we may see the origi-
nal force of his genius more in these compositions, that
were the legitimate sons of his duty, than in other pie-
ces that were the natural sons of love. They were
held in such low esteem in his own thoughts, that some
years before he died, he gave away the whole collection
to Dr. SHERIDAN, with the utmost indifference :
"Here, says he, are a bundle of my old sermons ; you may
"have them if you please : they may be of use to you,
"they have never been of any to me." The parcel
given to Dr. SHERIDAN consisted, as I have heard, of
about five and thirty sermons. Three or four only are
published ; and those I have read over with attention.
The first is upon *Mutual Subjection*, and that duty
which is owing from one man to another. A clearer
style, or a discourse more properly adapted to a public
audience, can scarce be framed. Every paragraph is
simple, nervous, and intelligible. The threads of

each argument are closely connected, and logically pursued : but in places where the Dean has the least opportunity to introduce political maxims, or to dart an arrow at the conduct of princes, he never fails to indulge himself in his usual manner of thinking, as may be judge from the following quotations, “ *A wise man, says he, who doth not assist with his counsels ; a great man with his protection ; a rich man with his bounty and charity ; and a poor man with his labour are perfect nuisances in a common-wealth. Neither is any condition of life more honourable in the sight of GOD than another ; otherwise he would be a respecter of persons, which he assureth us he is not : For he hath proposed the same salvation to all men, and hath only placed them in different ways or stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more advantages of strength or wisdom than other men ; and, by an unhappy education, are usually more defective in both than thousands of their subjects*.*” Again, in the same strain, “ *The best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant of the nation ; not only a servant to the public in general, but in some sort to every man in it.†.*” But the most extraordinary passage is a covert stroke at the highest order of his brethren the clergy. It runs thus, “ *The miseries of life are not properly owing to the unequal distribution of things ; but GOD Almighty, the great King of heaven, is treated like the kings of the earth ; who, (although perhaps intending well themselves,) have often most abominable ministers and stewards, and those generally the vilest, to whom they entrust the most talents §.*” Dark as it is, this paragraph requires no explanation. The author’s natural turn of mind breaks forth upon all occasions, and the politician frequently outweighs the divine. If the dictates of such a spirit were capable of forcing their way from the pulpit, what a glorious, what a consistent figure, must the Dean have made in the rostrum at Rome, or in one of the porticos at Athens ?

* Page 211.

† Page 215.

§ Page 228.

THE next moral essay, for I can scarce call it a sermon, is upon the *Testimony of Conscience*: in which the author inserts some very striking observations upon such false notions of honour as are too prevalent in the world. I am so far from thinking it a trouble, that I think it a pleasure to transcribe the particular passage:

"The false principle, which some men set up in the place of conscience to be their director in life, is what those who pretend to it, call HONOUR. This word is often made the sanction of an oath; it is reckoned a great commendation to be a man of strict honour; and it is commonly understood, that a man of honour can never be guilty of a base action. This is usually the style of military men; of persons with titles; and of others who pretend to birth and quality. It is true indeed, that in ancient times it was universally understood, that honour was the reward of virtue; but if such honour as is now-a-days going will not permit a man to do a base action, it must be allowed, there are very few such things as base actions in nature. No man of honour, as that word is usually understood, did ever pretend, that his honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate; to pay his creditors; to be useful to his country; to do good to mankind; to endeavour to be wise or learned; to regard his word, his promise, or his oath; or if he hath any of these virtues, they were never learned in the catechism of honour; which contains but two precepts, the punctual payment of debts contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary*."

THE third discourse upon *The Trinity* is indeed a sermon, and one of the best in its kind. The Dean seems not to have made such a plan his voluntary choice, nor to have built, *suo ex motu*, upon such a basis†,

* Page 228.

† In the beginning of his sermon, he lets us know, that he preached it on Trinity Sunday, a day on which all the clergy think themselves confined to this theme.

but he has compleated the superstructure in a most masterly manner: the materials answer the dignity of the edifice, and the artificer may assume great honour, upon the completion of so noble, so simple, and so useful a pile. The mysterious parts of our religion, are apt to have dreadful effects upon weak minds. The general comments upon the sacred writings, and the several sermons upon the most abstruse points of scripture are too often composed in the gloomy style. Damnation, eternal damnation, is placed with all its horror before our eyes; and we are so terrified at the prospect, that fear makes us imagine, we can comprehend mysteries, which, on this side of the grave, must be for ever denied to our limited understandings. The Dean has taken the safest and the properest method of expounding these *arcana*. He advances every position that can be established upon so incomprehensible a subject. He sustains the belief, avows the doctrine, and adapts the matter of faith as well as possible to the human capacity. His manner of reasoning is masterly, and his arguments are nervous, particularly where he says, "*It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal unto us this great mystery of the Trinity, or some other mysteries in our holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would at the same time think fit to bestow on us some new powers or faculties of the mind, which we want at present, and are reserved till the day of resurrection to life eternal* *." But, the reader must be weary of quotations, I will make no more: and in excuse of those already made, I can only offer, that in comments upon original authors, quotations are often the best, and perhaps the only explanations that can fully answer the end proposed. I mean that the original spirit is so volatile, as not to admit of the least transfusion. In ordinary compositions, the essence may be extracted, and the subtilest parts distilled: But the

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Dean's sermons appear a chymical preparation of so extraordinary and penetrating a nature, that I was resolved to convey as much of the æthereal spirit, to my readers, as possible.

I SHALL take no notice of a fourth sermon, as it is evident, * *that*, as well as many other pieces, have been ungratefully foisted into his works, by the ignorance and avarice of the editor. But, I find, that I have omitted to mention two poems of great wit and humour. They are previous to the sermons. The first † was artfully published by the Dean, in a manner so different from those rules of poetry to which he confined himself, that he hoped the public might mistake it for a spurious or uncorrect copy stolen by memory from his original poem. He took great pleasure in this supposition: and I believe it answered his expectation. One of his strictest rules in poetry was to avoid *triplets*. What can have given rise to so nice a peculiarity is difficult to determine. It might be owing only to a singular turn of thinking; but the reason which he publicly assigned, seemed not so much against the practice itself, as against the poets who indulged themselves in that manner of writing. "A custom (according to the Dean's opinion) "introduced by laziness, continued by ignorance, and established by false taste." With deference to so great a critic, it is a custom, that has frequently been pursued with remarkable success. Mr. DRYDEN abounds in triplets; and in some of his most elegant poems, the third concluding verse forms the finest climax in the whole piece. Mr. WALLER, the father of all flowing poetry, has generally reserved the nicest point of wit to his triplicate line: and upon an impartial enquiry, it is almost to be questioned, whether, in many instances, this despicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical composition, than any other circumstance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of

* *The difficulty of knowing one's self*, p. 255.

† *The Life and Genuine Character of the Reverend Dr. SWIFT.*

great disadvantage to our *English* poetry. The finest poem that we can boast, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer to the *Iliad*, is void of those fetters. But, when it is our destiny to wear chains, surely we may be allowed to make them as light and easy as we can.

THE second poem †, entitled, *Verses on the Death of Dr. SWIFT, occasioned by reading a maxim in ROCHÉFOUCAULT*, is a most pointed piece of sarcasm. Not any of the Dean's poems have more wit; nor are any of them more severe. In it, he has summoned together his whole powers of satyr and poetry. It is a parting blow; the legacy of anger and disappointment; but as the two last lines § are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inserted in the first edition published at *London*, I cannot tell how they have crept into a poem, that is otherwise as exactly polished as any of the Dean's nicest compositions.

THE remaining pieces in this volume, are not worthy of SWIFT's pen. They are spurious and trifling, and in every respect improper for the public view: so that what was once ludicrously said upon a different occasion, might (if these were the genuine offspring of the Dean's) be applied not only to the last volume, but indeed to some of the former, as "they put us in mind of the famous machine in WINSTANLEY'S water-works, where, out of the same vessel, the spectators were presented with tea, coffee, chocolate, champagne, and four small beer."

I HAVE now gone through FAULKNER's edition of SWIFT's works, but there are still remaining three of his pieces, *The Tale of a Tub*, *The Battle of the Books in St. James's Library*, and *The Fragment*, which, although not absolutely owned by the Dean, aut *Erasmi sunt aut Diaboli*.

† Page 151.

§ That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better.

THE first of these, *The Tale of a Tub*, has made much noise in the world. It was one of the Dean's earliest performances, and has never been excelled in wit and spirit by his own, or any other pen. The censures that have passed upon it, are various. The most material of which were such as reflected upon Dr. SWIFT, in the character of a clergyman, and a Christian. It has been one of the misfortunes attending Christianity, that many of her sons, from a mistaken filial piety, have indulged themselves in too restrained and too melancholy a way of thinking. Can we wonder then, if a book composed with all the force of wit and humour in derision of sacerdotal tyranny, in ridicule of grave hypocrisy, and in contempt of flegmatic stiffness, should be wilfully misconstrued by some persons, and ignorantly mistaken by others, as a sarcasm and reflexion upon the whole Christian church? The Dean's ungovernable spirit of irony, has sometimes carried him into very unwarrantable flights of wit. I have remarked such passages with a most unwilling eye. But, let my affections of friendship have been ever so great, my love for the public is still greater: and I will pursue candour, even with an aching heart, when the pursuit of it may tend to the advantage or instruction of any one. In the style of truth therefore, I must still look upon *The Tale of a Tub*, as no intended insult against Christianity, but as a satyr against the wild errors of the church of *Rome*, the slow and incomplete reformation of the Lutherans, and the absurd and affected zeal of the presbyterians. In the character of PETER, we see the pope, seated on his pontifical throne, and adorned with his triple crown. In the picture of MARTIN, we view LUTHER and the first reformers: and in the representation of JACK, we behold JOHN CALVIN and his disciples. The author's arrows are chiefly directed against PETER and JACK. To MARTIN, he shews all the indulgence that the laws of allegory will permit.

THE actions of PETER are the actions of a man intoxicated with pride, power, rage, tyranny, an
self-conc

self-conceit. These passions are placed in the most ridiculous light: and the effects of them produce to us the tenets and doctrines of papal Rome, such as purgatory, penance, images, indulgences, auricular confession, transubstantiation, and those dreadful monsters, the pontifical bulls, which, according to this ludicrous author, derived their original from the famous bulls of CHOLCOS, described by OVID.

*Terribiles vultus, præfixaque cornua ferro;
Pulveremque solum pede pulsavere bisulco;
Fumificisque locum mugitibus implevere ¶.*

“ BUT LORD PETER’S BULLS, says *The Tale of a Tub*, “ were extremely vitiated by time in the metal of “ their feet, which from BRASS was now degenerated “ into common LEAD. However the terrible roaring, “ peculiar to their lineage, was preserved, as likewise “ that faculty of BREATHING out fire at their nostrils.” These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as antichristian, by the church of Rome. When the chief minister and his minions are exposed, the keener the satire, the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treason against the king.

In the character of JACK, a set of people were alarmed, who are easily offended, and who can scarce bear the cheerfulness of a smile. In their dictionary, wit is only another name for wickedness: and the purer or more excellent the wit, the greater and more impious the *abomination*. However wide therefore the difference of PETER and JACK might have been in fashioning their coats, the two brothers most sincerely agreed in their hatred of an adversary so powerful as this anonymous author. They spared no unmannerly reflexions upon his character. They had recourse to every kind of abuse that could reach him. And sometimes, it was the work of SWIFT and his companions: sometimes not a syllable of it was his

work, it was the work of one of his uncle's sons, a clergyman: and sometimes it was the work of a person, who was to be nameless. Each of these malicious conjectures reigned in its turn, and we may find, that bold assertions, however false, almost constantly meet with success; a kind of triumph that would appear one of the severest institutes of fate, if time, and truth, did not soon obliterate all marks of the victory.

THE criticisms of the Martinists, (whom we may suppose the members of the church of England) were, it is to be hoped, more candid: for MARTIN, as I have just now hinted, is treated with a much less degree of sarcasm than the other two brothers. What relates to him, is so short, that I will venture to transcribe it. "*They both [LUTHER and CALVIN] " unanimously entered upon this great work, [THE REFORMATION] looking sometimes on their coats, and " sometimes on the WILL. MARTIN laid the first " hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of " POINTS; and with a second pull, stript away ten dozen yards of FRINGE. But when he had gone thus " far, he demurred a while: he knew very well, there " yet remained a great deal more to be done: however " the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, " and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest " of the work; having already very narrowly escaped " a swinging rent in pulling off the POINTS, which " being TAGGED WITH SILVER, (as we have observed before) the judicious workman had, with " much sagacity, double sown to preserve them from " FALLING. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a " huge quantity of GOLD LACE, he picked up the " stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out " all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a " work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered " INDIAN figures of men, women and children; against " which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe. These, " with much dexterity and application, were, after a " while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the " rest,*

“ rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close, as not to be got away, without damaging the cloth, or where it served to bide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury, which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father’s WILL. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of MARTIN’s proceedings upon this great revolution.”

THE church of England can scarce be angry at such a favourable account of LUTHER: especially as we have since reformed from LUTHER himself, and so far, as our judgements can teach us, have restored our *habits* still nearer to the original fashion, which they bore at the perfection of the Testament. The best, and what is more extraordinary, the most serious apology, that can be made for the author, was written by himself, and is dated June 3, 1709, from which time, it has been constantly printed in a prefatory manner to the work itself. In this apology, the Dean candidly acknowledges, that “ *There are several youthful sallies, which, from the grave and the wise, may deserve a rebuke.*” And farther adds, that “ *He will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can fairly be deduced from the book, which is contrary to religion or morality.*”

THE dedication to Prince Posterity cannot fail to please: nor are we less entertained by the several digressions which are written in ridicule of bad critics, dull commentators, and the whole fraternity of Grub street philosophers. The Introduction abounds with wit and humour: but the author never loses the least opportunity of venting his keenest satyr against Mr. DRYDEN, and consequently loads with insults, the greatest, although the least prosperous, of our English poets. Yet who can avoid smiling, when he finds the Hind and Panther mentioned as a compleat abstract of sixteen thousand schoolmen, and when

TOMMY

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TOMMY POTTS is supposed to be written by *the same hand*, as a supplement to the former work? I am willing to imagine, that DRYDEN, in some manner or other, had offended the Dean, who, otherwise, I hope, would have been more indulgent to the errors of a man, oppressed by poverty, driven on by party, and bewildered by religion.

BUT although our satirical author, now and then, may have indulged himself in some personal animosities, or may have taken freedoms not so perfectly consistent with that solemn decency, which is required from a clergyman, yet throughout the whole piece, there is a vein of ridicule and good humour, that laughs pedantry and affectation into the lowest degree of contempt, and exposes the character of PETER and JACK in such a manner, as never will be forgiven, and never can be answered.

THE *Battle of the Books* took its rise from the controversy between Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE and Mr. WOOTON: a controversy which made much noise, and employed many pens towards the latter end of the last century *. This humorous treatise is drawn up in an heroic comic style, in which the Dean, with great wit and spirit, gives the victory to the former. The general plan is excellent, but particular parts are defective. The frequent chasms puzzle and interrupt the narrative: they neither convey any latent ideas, nor point out any distant or occult sarcasms. Some characters are barely touched upon, which might have been extended, others are enlarged, which might have been contracted. The name of HORACE is scarce inserted, and VIRGIL is introduced only for an opportunity of comparing his translator DRYDEN, to the *Lady in a Lobster: to a Mouse under a Canopy of State: and to a scrivelled Beau within the Penthouse of a full-bottomed Perriwig*. These similes carry the true stamp of ridicule, which must be very prevalent in the heart of an author, who could overlook the merits of DRYDEN: many of whose dedications

* *The Dean for the antients has argued so well,
He proves that the moderns, the antients excel.*

and prefaces are as fine compositions, and as just pieces of criticism as any in our language. The translation of VIRGIL was a work of haste and indigence: DRYDEN was equal to the undertaking, but unfortunate during the conduct of it.

THE two chief heroes among the modern generals, are WOTTON and BENTLEY. Their figures are displayed in the most disadvantageous attitudes. The former is described, "full of spleen, dulness, and ill manners." The latter is represented, "tall, without shape or comeliness: large, without strength or proportion." But, I will not anticipate the reader's future pleasure in reading a performance that he will probably wish longer, and more complete.

THE *Battle*, which is maintained by the antients with great superiority of strength, though not of numbers, ends with the demolition of BENTLEY and his friend WOTTON. "BOYLE, says the author, *clad in a suit of armour, which had been given him by all the gods, advanced towards the trembling foe, who now fled before him.*" I shall not dispute about the gift of the armour: but thus far I will venture to observe, that the gods never bestowed celestial armour, except upon heroes, whose courage and superior strength distinguished them from the rest of mankind; whose merits and abilities were already conspicuous; and who could wield, though young, the sword of MARS, and adorn it with all the virtues of MINERVA; and let me assure the reader, that BOYLE sustained the character, which he had so early acquired, to the last moment of his life, and, on many occasions, exerted his abilities in such a manner, as evidently shewed, that he wanted neither armour, nor extraordinary assistance, to add to his first victory such superior ornaments, as will for ever be repositied among the brightest trophies, in the temple of fame.

The Fragment, or a Discourse concerning the mechanical Operation of the Spirit, is a satyr against enthusiasm, and those affected inspirations, which constantly begin in folly, and very often end in vice. In this

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this treatise, the author has revelled in too licentious a vein of sarcasm: some of his ideas are indecent: nor is the piece itself equal in wit and humour, either to *The Tale of a Tub*, or *The Battle of the Books*. I should constantly chuse rather to praise, than to arraign any part of the Dean's writings: but in those tracts, where he tries to make us uneasy with ourselves, *there*, I must yield him up entirely to censure.

THE Dean left behind him few manuscripts. Not one of any consequence, except an account of the peace of *Utrecht*, which he called *an History of the four last years of Queen ANN*. The title of an history is too pompous for such a performance. In the historical style, it may want dignity, but as a pamphlet, it will appear the best defence of Lord OXFORD's administration, and the clearest account of the treaty of *Utrecht*, that has hitherto been written.

IN some of his leisure hours, he had begun an history of *England*, and had pursued it through two or three reigns, from WILLIAM the Conqueror. The contempt he conceived of our antient monarchs, made him soon lay the design aside. His aversion to kings was invincible. Some will say perhaps, this aversion was rooted in pride: but, in course of reading, we will find so very few princes, whose merits and abilities entitle them even to a crown of rushes, that probably the reader may think no small degree of prudence necessary to reconcile him to a monarchical state. What has not this nation suffered from our former princes? Even from the best of them? If we speak candidly of our boasted Queen ELIZABETH, she was, in many instances, a tyrant: but she was a tyrant with sense and dignity. She knew the true interest of the nation, and she pursued it; but she pursued it in an arbitrary manner. She was fortunate in the time of reigning: for her character has been exalted by the want of merit in her successor, from whose misconduct gushed forth that torrent of misery, which not only bore down his son, but overwhelmed

whelmed the three kingdoms. If we ask what were the precious fruits of the restoration? The answer will be, an exchange only from one confusion to another: from jealousies between general MONK and LAMBERT, to jealousies between the dukes of *York* and *Monmouth*: a perpetual rotation of false politics: a king with the best natured disposition imaginable, suffering innocent blood to be shed without remorse. Or, if we enquire, what was the effect of a lawful sovereign? A shameful submission to a neighbouring kingdom, which, not long before, had trembled at the frowns of an usurper. Such was the fate of poor *England*! To these wretched times, succeeded the religious fooleries, and the weak attempts of JAMES the second. Then followed the revolution. But, I must descend no lower. Let us therefore turn our eyes from home, and take a momentary view of other nations. If we look towards antient *Rome*, and consider her first seven monarchs, how wicked, or how insignificant were their characters? And, when the name of *Monarch* was changed into that of *Emperor*, what a tyrannical pack of CÆSARS pass before our eyes? Many of them, the greatest monsters that human nature ever produced: yet these were Lords, Emperors, and Kings of the world. If we read the Old Testament, and consult the Chronicles of the Kings of *Judah*, you will find them a set of the proudest and the most obstinate princes upon earth. Is not such a retrospect enough to disgust us against Kings? Bad as it is, it must not disgust an *Englishman*. We ought ever to regard, honour, and preserve our original constitution, which of all regal states is the best framed in the universe. The balance of our government is hung indeed in the nicest manner imaginable: a single hair will turn it; but when it is held exactly even, there cannot be a finer system under heaven: and I must freely own, that I think our Kings have been often less blameable than their people. We remember the exclamation of the *Scotchman*, upon seeing the flatteries paid to JAMES the first at his accession, “ *By my saul, mon, yan feul-*
“ *ish*

"*ish folk spoil a geud king.*" The *Scotchman* was in the right: but we continued in our foolish ways to JAMES and his successors. Our courtly adulations are always outrageous, we know no bounds. The person flattered, must be more than human, not to be sometimes blinded with such perpetual incense. Perhaps we borrow this kind of servility from the *French*, who, in the last century, bestowed the title of just upon LEWIS the thirteenth, during whose reign, such repeated acts of cruelty, oppression, and injustice, were perpetrated, as scarce any other annals can produce.

AN additional excuse, that may be made for the errors of our *English* kings, is the different treatment which they find at the beginning, from what they receive at the latter end of their reigns. At the beginning, all is smoothness, all is joy and felicity: but the sun-shine is seldom of a very long duration. Clouds of jealousy arise, and the whole atmosphere is soon filled with noxious vapours; so that the remaining chasm is filled up with heart-burnings, animosities, and personal altercations between ministers: and they often arise to such a height, as even to molest the King in his chair of state. *Delirant Achivi, plectuntur reges.* These are the unhappy effects that arise from the very noblest cause, the thirst of liberty. A free people are constantly jealous of their rights. A wise king will preserve to them those rights, and by such a maxim will establish his own. But, the great misfortune of our former *English* princes has been their indolent submission to the name, without the least attempt of discharging the duties of a sovereign. The life of such a prince must have proved inglorious to his people, and unhappy to himself. He must have found himself only the second person in his kingdom, nay, perhaps the third or fourth: the Leviathans of power, being seldom, if ever, without their coadjutors: and in that case, it is a point of condescension, to permit their royal master to be one of the groope. Our *English* commentaries, which are in truth a very melancholy, and a very reproachful history, give us many mortifying instances of this kind.

HAVING now finished the most material observations upon the life and writings of doctor SWIFT; I shall, for the amusement of my readers, insert some humorous passages of his life, and conclude with a general character of him.

THE Dean happened to dine at a Friend's House in the Country; and seeing a Gentleman at Table, who had sold a large Estate, abruptly asked him, "are you the unhappy Man that sold the Estate of * * * *?" The Gentleman answered in the Affirmative, telling the Dean, at the same time, that he had reserved a part of it for his Support. "But, Friend," resumed the Dean, "if you could not gratify your Passions when you had a large Estate, how can you manage now you have so small a one?" The Gentleman replied, "I have an excellent Voice; I hear you make Ballads, and I will go and Sing them." The Dean was so disconcerted, that he dropped the Discourse with some Degree of Discontent.

THE Dean frequently visited the late PETER LUDLOW, of *Asfala*, in the County of *Meath*. Mrs. LUDLOW, was so remarkable for her Prudence and good Understanding, that the Dean, often entertained her with his Poems. Dining together one Day, she helped him with some Beef, and assured him, better could not be got in the Country, "what Woman," says the Dean, "it is full of Maggots;" The Lady instantly replied, "I affirm to you, Sir, not so full as your Head."

THE Dean walking one day in a Country Church Yard, observed a Man, looking at an Inscription upon a Monument, he asked him, "who was the Minister of the Parish?" The Man told him, "he was a Fool, and should be nameless." The Dean then enquired, who was the former Minister. The Man answered, that he was a Madman. "A Madman! Friend, quoth the Dean, you give a strange Account of your Pastors." "Why, Sir, says the Man, our former Minister had a small income and a teeming Wife, for which reason he pretended Madness, and the Government gave him two hundred Pounds a Year. Now, Sir,

"is

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" is not our present minister a fool, for not pretending the like madness, whereby he might have such a comfortable addition to his living?" as this did not immediately strike at the Dean, he rewarded the fellow's humour with a shilling.

PADDY DROGHEDA, a news-boy in *Dublin*, noted for a turn of low humour, pursued the Dean, with a paper in his hand, crying out, " ELOISA TO ABEL LAIRD;" The Dean bid him desist; but, PADDY, still continued his vociferation; and, upon the Dean's offering to strike him, cried out,

" Get away raw head and bloody bones,

" Here is a boy does not fear you."

This was such a turn of humour, (the Dean being the reputed author of that song,) that it did not pass unrewarded.

THE Dean was very fond of talking to mechanics; and falling one day, into discourse with a mason, asked him, " If he was a *free-mason*?" The mason answered, " he was," " Prithee friend, returns the Dean, what is the principle or tenet of that society?" " Why, Sir, says the mason, our tenets and principles are " free and easy; we worship God without superstition, " or pageantry; and believe that if all religions were " in the hands of a skilful chymist, he might extract " an excellent *drama* of religion out of them." " This " is odd doctrine, friend," says the Dean, " who inculcates this contempt of religion among you?" " Why, Sir," says the mason, " we have the *Tale of the Tub*, always on the table; and we borrow our " maxims from that book." The Dean was so much dissatisfied, with this reply, that he departed, without giving him the least reward for his humour.

THE Dean was naturally of an impatient temper, and could not bear a disappointment. He went to the shop of one BAMBRICK, a shoemaker, some years before his death, and bespoke a pair of easy shoes. BAMBRICK, according to the Dean's directions, promised to bring them to him, in three days, but neglected coming for six or eight. When he brought them home, the Dean upbraided him with his breach of

of promise, and lectured, on the negligence of *Irish* tradesmen. BAMBRICK made an excuse, which the Dean hated worse than a lye, saying, he really forgot his Reverence had bespoke the shoes. "Very well, Sir," says the Dean, "pray, did you ever see my garden?" "No Sir," says BAMBRICK. "Come along with me then," says the Dean.

By the time they had reached the middle of the garden, which was about eleven o'clock in the morning, a servant, who had been previously instructed, came and informed the Dean, that a gentleman wanted to see him. The Dean desired BAMBRICK, to take a turn or two in the garden, and promised to be with him immediately. As he went out of the garden, the better to deceive BAMBRICK, he left the skirt of his gown fastened between the jaumb and the door, BAMBRICK imagining that the Dean was talking to his friend, as he saw the skirt of his gown there, took several turns about the garden, expecting a period to their discourse; but about three o'clock, grew quite impatient, and made some fruitless attempts to push back the lock. The Dean, imagining he had sufficiently mortified his Friend CRISPIN, at last entered the garden, and with seeming surprize and concern, protested, that he had really forgot he left him there; adding, that he had a bad memory, and wished they might both have a better for the future. BAMBRICK guessed what the Dean meant, and was glad to find himself at liberty.

THE Dean was an utter enemy to vanity, dress and ostentation; he liked to see every person appear, according to his occupation and ability. A remarkable instance of this humour, appeared in his treatment of GEORGE FAULKNER, his printer in *Ireland*. FAULKNER, from a low indigent state, raised himself above want, by some papers that were given him by the Dean, and had been sent to new-gate, for printing a fatyrical piece, supposed to be written by him. His fidelity on this occasion, ingratiated him so far, in the Dean's favour, that he was admitted to some degree

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gree of familiarity with him, had the sole printing of all his works, and received all the copies gratis. FAULKNER, elate with his success, bought a genteel laced waistcoat, and went, in a formal manner, to visit the Dean. The Dean, when he saw him thus bedecked, though he knew him perfectly well, asked him, "Who he was, or if he had any business with him?" FAULKNER, astonished at this distant behaviour, answered, "Sir, don't you know your humble servant, GEORGE FAULKNER?" GEORGE FAULKNER, replies the Dean, with some warmth, "You are a liar, an impostor, a rascal. GEORGE FAULKNER is a plain honest printer; you are a fribble, a beaux. Begone, sarrah, or I will order my servants to kick you out of doors." FAULKNER knew his temper too well to contend with him, went home, put on his usual plain cloaths, and returned in a short time. As soon as FAULKNER entered the room, the Dean rose up and saluted him, in the most friendly manner, telling him, "You are welcome, honest GEORGE. There was an impatient fop here just now, who would fain pass himself upon me for you; but I knew you too well to suspect you to be jackdawed up in a laced waistcoat." FAULKNER, acquiesced in the seeming mistake, paid his visit, and departed with a low scrape. But, as I have given the characters of some of the Dean's friends and acquaintances, it may be expected that I should also give some character of his printer. This, I find so well drawn in the following tale, that I shall make no further apology for introducing it.

CHIVALRY, NO TRIFLE, *or the* KNIGHT
and his LADY. *A Tale.*

NO packet arriv'd? and the wind still at *East*—
Arbuckle! * — go, ask if your lady's undrest:

* *Shopkeeper to Faulkner.*

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NO packet arriv'd? and the wind still at *East*—
Arbuckle! * — go, ask if your lady's undrest:

* Shopkeeper to Faulkner.

Bid her come to me strait—And, intruth, I'm not
sorry;

A packet, so late in the day, wou'd but *hurry*
And *flutter* my spirits, which now are intent,
On things of more moment * * *

* * * * * (Hiatus valde
* * * * * desendus.)

* * * * * Since *Chesterfield* went.

That *offer* of his (which I took in a *jest*)

All day, plagues my head—and, all night, breaks
my rest.

I wonder I have not a *line* from *Phil. Stanhope*!

He forgets his old crony and friend—(set the man up)

Not five months ago, who, but I and my lord? †

(His excellence—'faith, is too formal a word)

What *jokes* have we crackt, and what *mirth* have we
made!

He little expected a genius—in *trade*! —

How fond to ask questions, concerning poor *Swift*?

I gave him his works, as a *present*,—not *gift*:

The distinction is nice (and too nice for a *dunce*)

But *Phil.* took the hint, and the meaning at *once*!

I'll engage, he imagin'd I only sold *books*;

But he alter'd his note, when he travers'd my looks:

Why, my *eyes* speak the thing! nay, the dean has de-
clar'd,

No man but himself, cou'd look more like a *bard*:

This *Chesterfield* found too! And, this is a fact—

That no Peer, in his choice, is more strict and exact.

Nay, the minute he saw me, he lik'd me, I'm told;

'Twas enough to make any man *forward* and *bold*!

So soon to engage such a sharp, such a nice eye,

I might almost (with *Cæsar*) cry out—*Veni! Vici!*

Mérit, yet, will be found (let them say what they will)

On this I depended—On this I trust still!

Tho' the great having once but fir-nam'd me their
friend,

Fools, *fools* may laugh on—yet the *wise* will com-
mend!

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Thus, ending, (tho' wound up to prate for an hour
On a subject so beautiful—honour and power)
Thus ending, I say, to give place to my *lady*,
Who, by this time, came down with an answer as
ready:

(So *mild*, and so *brill*! so, at intervals, chatty!
So alternately this—so alternately that-y!)
'Tis in vain to delay it, for I am your *wife*—
And will be *obey'd*—not a word, for your *life*!
Why, my dear, wou'd a soul in his *senses* refuse
Such an offer, for *nothing*?—the man's a meer goose!
In *England*, your thousands are giv'n, (as the *rate* is)
And your's (except fees) comes unlook'd for, and *grat*-
tis——

Now, now is your time! pr'ythee, rouse up your spirit,
Your *Dorsets* and *Devonshires*, ne'er knew your merit.

MOREOVER, I'll prove 'tis your *interest* to take it;
Come, pr'ythee sit down, and so clear will I make it,
That, from henceforth, no *scruple*, no *doubt* shall re-
main,

Your conscience to trouble, or harrafs your *brain*.

Arbuckle, your lady and I are agreed
To sup by ourselves.——Now, madam, proceed.
And, if *Kildare* or *Derry* shou'd happen to come,
Say, I'm *busy*, d'ye hear?——or, I *won't* be at home!

WHEN I think on your *Griersons*, your *Smiths*, and
the crew——

(Oh! filthy mechanics) and then think on *you*!
Good Gods, how I fret! and, at times, rail at *trade*:
(This is but to *myself*, tho'——at most, to my *maid*.)
To read in the title-page *here* † such a *list*!

And your name, with a—(G)—prefixt, at the *best*.
Preach up patience to winds! for 'tis not to be borne,
G. Faulkner, indeed! how debas'd, how forlorn!
Then to see the low creatures pass by, with an air,
And cry, hem! brother *news-paper*, how do you *fare*?
Is your *wife* in the country or town? curse the brutes—
My *lady*——her *ladyship*——Oh! how that suits!

† She takes up a volume of the Universal History,
&c. &c. &c.

I wish the base 'wretches wou'd learn but their distance;

I'm sure, we want none of their *help* or *assistance*.

SINCE the time that *Phil. Stanhope* first gave you his
band,

And squeez'd you, and call'd you his very good friend:

When your * * * and * * * and Deans (in a *bevy*)

Were (*stand! stoop and kneel!*) half the day at his *le-
vee*;

And *ade-de-con kurnells*, and hungry *commiss'ners* §,

Were *memorialists* (at least) if not humble *petitioners*—

You needed no round-about forc'd introducing!

Your name was enough! without letters producing:

Like the *witch*, you would say to the *closet-door locks*,

Fly open, at once! for 'tis *Faulkner* that knocks:

There for hours could sit, and tell comical tales,

While *Envy*, pale *Envy!* stood biting her nails.

Nay, he could do no *less!* for all men will agree,

You are twenty times more independant than *he*:

No *courtier*, whatever, is so unconfin'd

As a gentleman is ——— I tell you my *mind*.

Moreover, you hinted, you wanted no *favour*,

For which I esteem you, my life! more than ever:

One man is as good as another, d'ye see ———

There's nothing like holding one's head up—like
me!

So much for the matter of *int'rest*, my dear;

Your lady knows life, and the world, to a hair:

And so far I tell you, it bids us take still

The offer, so kindly propos'd by friend *Phil*.

MAY I throw half a word in, by way of—my
pet?

I'll tell you, my soul, when 'tis *proper*—not yet.

BUT now I'm to prove 'tis your *int'rest*, at least—

And this I can too—and I *will*, e'er I rest!

What *Faulkner*, plain *Faulkner* has sold for a *shilling*,

Sir George may ask *two* for—and who'd be unwilling?

§ *Aid du camp col'nels.*

I own,

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I own, I think even an *alderman's* goods
Much better (a penny a yard) than *Tam Woods*;
There's a great deal in *title*, and *honour*, my dear!
Depend, what I say is but right—never fear—
You always allow'd my discernment was *nice*;
And e'er you have *printed*, would ask my *advice*:
Nay! my sex have declar'd (tho' it went to their
hearts)

That your lady, Sir George, was a lady of *parts*:
'Twas the Dean (to be sure) that signify'd *this*;
For, you know I was always a *darling* of his:
We agreed in most things—tho', I own, I was ready
To break with him, once—for those lines on a *lady**.
To resume!—Don't you see *here* examples before
ye;

Plain merit *untitled's* a terrible story!
Are not cowards, once *knighted*, deem'd instantly *scout*?
They may *fight*, if they please—or like *H—y*
may *scout*:

What physician, *itinerant*, dares take a fee
Like—in his coach? tho', but *Glasgow*, M. D.
All the world's a meer farce! 'tis as true, as 'tis
strange;

But *merit*, plain *merit*, must truckle, and cringe!
While folly and ignorance stuck in a coach,
Still meet with *esteem*; nor e'er feel a *reproach*.

MAY I now ask a question or two by the way?
Not a syllable, George—Phoo! Sir George, I would
say—

FOR, in fancy, I feel—and I'll practise it too;
There's a pleasure in *that*, tho' 'tis but *antra noo* †.
But (all int'rest apart) let's once think on the *honour*!
(Here, the *name* of the thing brought a *simp-ring* up-
on her).

† SIR George and his lady, last night, came to
town!
Her ladyship's *breeding*! her ladyship's *down*!

* Poem on a modern lady, &c. &c. &c.

† Entre nous.

† Miss Lucy, in the Virgin unmask'd, practices with
her chair, &c. &c. &c.

Is Sir George, pray, at home? Is Sir George gone a-broad?

How it charms, how it fires me already? O laud! —

“ This gown (cries the mantua-maker) is for my very good lady *Faulkner*;

“ She’s a gen’rous-hearted soul — is mighty good pay — and I’m pleas’d whenever I talk on her.”

Here! fetch me a *pen*, while I fold up a *letter*;

The *direction*, my precious, sounds better and better!

To — Sir — *George Faulkner*, — *Knight*, at his *seat* for, you know,

A cabin’s a *seat* in a trice — appropo! *

A chariot, (or I’ll be content with a *Berlin*)

’Twill cost (let me see) but an hundred pounds sterling;

We’ll have horses, at first, if you will, *by the year*;

For I never shall rest, ’till I knock up a *pair*!

And then, by the scheme, (Do you take me?) the *loss*

Is the *stableman*’s own, and nothing to us!

This *Berlin* (or chariot) at once must be bought;

Or the tide’s a *nuisance*, and not worth a *groat*:

Sir *George*, or his lady once seen on the *hoof*,

Would indeed be a *jest*! and with reason enough. —

Methinks, to the *Ring*, or the *Strand*, as I roll,

I hear some people cry, — Oh! that *fortunate* soul!

While others in noddy at three-pence a head,

As they jog to *Rathfarnham*, will fret themselves dead!

If we alter our *route* — and strike off to *Glasnevin*;

(Where your Sunday-cits *walk*, on a scheme to be saving;

Those days are all over with me, I thank God!)

I look sharp for the *Dean* on each side of the road;

Dean Delany, your servant, — Sir *George*, I am yours!

That’s a pretty conveyance you ride in. — ’Tis ours:

The *Dean* stands aghast! as indeed well he may —

Then cries, with a smile — ’Tis a *mighty fine day*!

While I know in his soul (like the rest of his *brothers*);

He hates to see laymen swing-swang upon *leathers*.

* à propo

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Then I laugh in my Turn! give the side-glass a push-
up!

And so I would, faith, were his *Dean*ship a *Bulbop* *.
Go which way you will, we must meet with our *own*,
That curs'd *news-paper* has made us so *known*!
Ev'ry stockingless boy, as he bathes at *Clontarf*,
At sight of the *chariot*, must set up his laugh!
And swears to his comroques, he but yesterday paid
you

Two *thirteens* for the *Journals*—which *Journals*
have made you.

Let them say what they will! Give me once but my
coach;

I'll despise *inneundo's* †,—and smile at reproach.

Not but that her glib tongue could have held for
a year,

Had not *passion* run high, and so *stopt* her career;
The sneers of the crowd, and the dread of *some* stories,
Stopt her short of her speech, and abated her glories;
Her ladyship, now, beat a parley for *breath*!
When Sir *George* awoke up—(as awaken'd from
death)

For, as much as the name of the honour had *blest* him,
The dread of expence, in proportion, *deprest* him!

THOUGH highly I value a *title*, my dear!

Precedence, *respect*, and what not? Yet I fear,
Should the *feather* take place, 'twould in time quite
undo me!

Such a train of disbursements at once would pursue
me!

Besides, 'tis a *feather* that cannot descend;
It will cease very soon, as with me it must end!

'Tis true, while you live, you're *her ladyship* still,
Yet it is but a *feather*, advance what you will.—

A *feather*, d'ye call it? at the word up she rose
In a fury not easy to tell but in *prose*;
Come down, all ye *muses*! by pairs or by dozens!
Bring (with you) your families, nieces, and cousins!

* *Bishop*.

† *Innuendo's*.

Tune, tune up your lyres! to describe (if you can)
How the *bustle* was ended,—and how it began!
Tell the town (for I can't) how she took up a *sword*;
And as she chose to *speak*, made him *write* word for
word!

(Thus pinchwife, tho' tables are turn'd *vice versa*,
Kept his scribe to the *text*—she still pleading for
mercy!)

Sing, sing away, girls! sing away, for your lives —
Or *old maids* ye shall die, all—and never be *wives*!
Pr'ythee tell us the *whole*! how the supper was spoil'd;
How *Arbuckle* look'd pale—how Sir *George* near
run wild!

How he wrote to *Phil. Stanhope*, his *word* to make
right good,

And send him immediately orders for *knighthood*;
How the letter was *seal'd*! when the letter was *carry'd*,
How the knight often curs'd the sad day he was *mar-*
ry'd!

How impatient *my lady* still *waits* the reply;
For a *lady* she *swears* she *must* live! and *will* die!

To conclude. If we behold the Dean in all humours and dispositions, we may form various speculations from the several weaknesses, to which it is evident he was liable. His capacity and strength of mind were undoubtedly equal to any task whatever. His pride and his spirit, or ambition, call it by what name you please, was boundless; but his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that disappointment had a visible effect upon all his actions. He was sour and severe, but not absolutely ill-natur'd. He was sociable only to particular friends, and to them only at particular hours. He knew politeness more than he practised it. He was a mixture of avarice and generosity: the former, was frequently prevalent; the latter, seldom appeared, unless excited by compassion.

He was open to adulation, and could not, or would not distinguish between low flattery and just applause. He was undistinguished and perfectly sincere. He
entered

entered into orders more from some private and fixed resolution, than from absolute choice. Be that as it may, he performed the duties of the church with great punctuality, and a decent degree of devotion. He read prayers rather in a strong nervous voice, than in a graceful manner; and although he hath been often accused of irreligion, nothing of that kind appeared in his conversation or behaviour. His cast of mind induced him to think and speak more of politics than of religion. His perpetual views were directed towards power: and his chief aim was to be removed into *England*; but when he found himself entirely disappointed, he turned his thoughts to opposition, and became the patron of *Ireland*, his native country.

THERE was a certain masterly conciseness of style in the Dean's prose works. The truth of this will appear by comparing him with some of the authors of his own time. Of these, Dr. TILLOTSON and Mr. ADDISON are to be numbered among the most eminent. ADDISON hath all the powers that can captivate and improve; his diction is easy, his periods are well turned, his expressions are flowing, and his humour is delicate.

TILLOTSON is nervous, grave, majestic, and perspicuous. We must join both these characters together to form a true idea of the Dean. Yet as he outdoes ADDISON in humour, he excels TILLOTSON in perspicuity. The archbishop indeed confined himself to subjects relative to his profession: but ADDISON and the Dean are more diffusive writers. They vary in their manner, and treat different topics, in a different style. When the writings of ADDISON terminate in party, he loses himself extremely, and, from a delicate and just comedian, deviates into one of the lowest kind *. But the Dean appears like a masterly gladiator; he wields the sword of party with ease, justness and dexterity: and while he entertains

* See the papers, entitled, the FREEHOLDERS.

the ignorant and the vulgar, he draws an equal attention from the learned and the great.

WHEN he is serious, his gravity becomes him; when he laughs, his readers must laugh with him. The Dean, it must be acknowledged, had a certain love of trifles, want of delicacy and decorum, errors that if he did not contract, at least he encreased in *Ireland*.

THE poetical performances of the Dean, ought to be considered as occasional poems, fram'd either to please, or vex some particular persons, we must not suppose them designed for posterity: If he had cultivated his genius in that way, he must certainly have excelled, especially in satyr.

THERE are fine sketches in several of his pieces, but he seems more desirous to inform, and strengthen his mind, than to indulge the luxuriance of his Imagination. He chooses to discover and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illustrate and add beauties to his own. Like a skilful artist, he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers caustics which corrode proud flesh, to softer balsamics, which give more immediate ease. He aims to be severely useful, rather than politely engaging. And as he was either not formed, or would not take pains to excel in poetry, he became in some measure superior to it, and assumed more the air and manners of a critic, than of a poet. Had he lived in the same age with HORACE, he would have approached nearer to him, than any other poet: And, if we make an allowance for the different course of study, and different form of government, to which each of these great men were subject, we may observe, in several instances, a strong resemblance between them. Both poets are equally distinguished for wit and humour. Each displays a peculiar felicity in diction; but of the two, HORACE is the more elegant and delicate, while he condemns, he pleases: The Dean takes pleasure in giving pain; the dissimilitude of their tempers, might be owing to the different turns in their fortunes. The Dean early formed large views of ambition, and was disappointed. HORACE, from

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an exiled low state, rose into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendship of AUGUSTUS. Each poet was the delight of the principal persons of his age. *Cum magnis vixisset*, was not more applicable to HORACE, than to the Dean. They both were temperate, both were frugal; and both were of the same *Epicurean* taste. HORACE had his LYDIA; the Dean had his VANESSA. HORACE had his MECÆNAS, and his AGRIPPA. The Dean had his OXFORD, and his BOLINBROKE. HORACE had his VIRGIL, the Dean his POPE.

AFTER the great names, which I have just now mentioned, it is matter of astonishment, to find the same person, who had enjoyed the highest, and the best conversation, equally delighted with the lowest and the worst: And yet, it is certain, that from the Dean's settlement in *Dublin*, his choice of some companions, shewed him of a very odd taste.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

PAGE 18, line 6, for appiecation, read application.—p. 19, l. 13, for this immediate, read of this immediate.—p. 36, l. 22, for perfumed, read presumed.—p. 38, l. 36, for particuliar, read particular.—p. 39, l. 4, for as serious, read a serious.—p. 55, l. 6, for umbraced, read unbraced.

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